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WEEKLY

Gazette.

VOL. I.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

NO. 32.

Loafing Around.

They are sitting around upon barrels and chairs. Discussing their own and their neighbors' affairs. And the look of content that is seen on each face. Seems to say, I have found my appropriate place.

Sitting around.

In barbers and groceries calmly they sit. And serenely chew borrowed tobacco and spit. While the stories they tell and the jokes that they crack, Show their hearts have grown hard and undoubtedly black.

While sitting around.

The "alter around" is a man of no means. And his face wouldn't pass for a quart of white beans.

Yet he somehow or other contrives to exist. And is frequently seen with a drink in his fist; while sitting around.

BEG, BUY, OR FORAGE FOOD.

Sigel's corps was on Hooker's west flank, and commanded that day by Howard. Part of this corps faced the old turnpike and plank road; part faced the other way. Most of the men were hidden in the woods, and behind ridges, and up the broad highway, which should have been first looked to, Stuart was pushing his cavalrymen as skirmishers. We three men were beyond Sigel's corps, and on the point of entering a farm house from which everybody had fled, when less than a rifle shot away we caught sight of the Confederate advance. The cavalrymen were advancing slowly, evidently expecting to find a heavy guard at some point, but at the time we imagined that less than a regiment of Stuart's men were feeling along up to pick up stragglers. We at least did not fear them, and the proposition to enter the house and secure a better view of the roads speedily conveyed us to a chamber window. We could see but little more from that post, but we did see, soon after reaching it,

THAT SAME STONEWALL JACKSON

Ride from shelter out upon the turnpike in full view, attended only by three or four officers. He had come out there to make observations. Like a cat before she destroys the mouse, he was wondering at what point he should strike to disable his victim soonest. Grim-minded and sour-tempered was the third man of us, and war's horrors delighted him. When he had taken the second look at the little party sitting their horses in the open road a wicked smile crossed his face and he whispered: "By the hundred gods of the heaven! but that chap on the left is Stonewall Jackson, and I'm going to drop him!"

Old Pete, our sour-tempered companion, had a first class Minie rifle with him. He had carried it with him for several months, in some way escaping the attention of the inspector, and in some way always secured ammunition for it. I saw him, in at least half a dozen instances, shoot down vultures and skirmishers, who seemed to be half a mile away, and he was known throughout the regiment as a dead shot.

There was considerable firing

around us from foragers, stragglers and men cleaning their guns, and a shot from the window might not attract particular attention. Resting the heavy gun across the window sill, and having as steady a rest as ever hunter asked for, Old Pete was ready to keep his word.

ASSASSINATION.

I could almost count the buttons on Jackson's coat, and there appeared to be no escape for him. I was looking at him when the rifle cracked. He had a field glass to his eye and the only movement we could see was a quick motion of the head, as if the bullet had cut close to his ear. The glass was not even lowered. Old Pete swore a terrible long string of oaths as he realized his failure, but in a minute was ready again,

"I hope never to draw another breath if I don't kill him stone dead!" he muttered as he knelt down. Jackson did not face us as before, yet was a good mark even for a musket. We watched him as before, and this time the bullet must have swept past his face, as he dodged his face backward. The field glass went down then, but he raised it in an instant and went on with his survey.

"Have I got to be a fool, or have I grown blind?" howled old Pete,

as he looked down upon his unarmed victim. "I'll kill him this time or shoot myself in this chamber."

It was dangerous to remain there longer as the cavalry had crept nearer, and Jackson's aids seemed to have got the idea that a sharpshooter was posted near by. Yet "Old Pete" would have had a third shot if the Confederates had been in the house.

THE TARGET WAS AS FAIR AS BEFORE.

He took a more careful aim, and yet, when he fired, he saw splinters fly from a railroad over beyond the General. The cavalry were then close upon us, and our two muskets were lost in the hurried flight from the house. Half an hour after that Jackson was driving our brigades and divisions as he willed.

"I'll measure off the same distance, shoot off-hands, and bet my life I can hit a soldier's cap nine times out of ten!" growled "Old Pete," as he hurried forward, and suddenly overcome by indignation and chagrin he battered his cherished gun against a tree and desroyed it.

As if seeking personal revenge, Jackson's legions passed right by us. The nearest of Sigel's corps was picked up and dashed to pieces as a strong man would lift and hurl a child. Running along with the amazed and frightened men, but bearing off toward our divisions, we picked up other muskets to replace our lost ones. Reaching a knoll from which we had another view of the turnpike, we halted for a last look; over the heads of the fleeing, fleeting soldiers—over the ground strewn with arms and accoutrements—over the blue smoke just beginning to rise.

WE SAW JACKSON AGAIN.

He was far away, but it was Jackson.

"Curse him! but he has got a guardian angel," howled Old Pete, as he shook his fist toward the turnpike.

No other man ever had a rifle drawn on him at such fair range and escaped three cool, carefully aimed bullets. His escape sent a thrill of superstition through each mind, and from that hour to this moment, when the news of Jackson's death reached us, "Old Pete" never spoke a word, soon a soldier hurrying along shouted: "We're all right Stonewall Jackson has been killed up the road there!"

"Old Pete," leaped up, whirled the news, and savagely shouted back:

"You lie! you lie! you lie! Stonewall Jackson can't be hurt by shell or killed by bullet!"

BUT IT WAS SO.

Lying in the arms of those who loved him, so near us that the cries of our wounded must have reached his ears, was the mortally wounded General whose skill and strength had no match. While the white-faced dead looked up to the torn and shattered forest trees, while the wounded crawled here and there in their awful agony, while the living looked into each other's anxious faces and wondered if another night would find any of us there, the legions of Jackson were strangely silent. Now and then came the sudden boom of some great gun, sounding like the deep groan of despair, but there was nothing more to break the silence. While men rested in line of battle, having the awful horrors of war on every side, there was one who gave up his life as he whispered, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

LONGEVITY IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—According to official statistics there are over 73,000 individuals out of a million in Italy who attain the age of sixty; a slightly less number in England; about 77,000 in Holland; over 78,000 in Sweden; 86,500 in Denmark; 88,400 in Belgium, and about 101,500 in France. Great Britain takes the lead in centenarians, having fifteen in every million. France and Belgium have seven each, Sweden two, and Holland one.

Nevada Co. Narrow Gauge Railroad.

London Editors and Their Pay.

A correspondent writing to the Watsonville (Cal.) *Pajaronian* gives the following glowing description of the narrow-gauge railroad between Colfax and Nevada City, and as the same will be appreciated by many of our citizens who were former residents of that section, we copy what he has to say:

The station bell sounds, and conductor McKinney's voice thunders out "All aboard," and the passengers for Grass Valley and Nevada City rush for the little train of the Nevada county Narrow Gauge railroad. The passenger cars on this line are the most comfortable coaches in the State, being neatly carpeted and arranged (the generous gift of ladies of Nevada county), and even provided with spittoons, for the use of the tobacco-chewing portion of the sterner sex. Those spittoons are seldom used; they teach a very strong lesson and every man who sees one immediately thinks it out of place.

Out from the station's twinkling lights into the cold, clear moonlight of Long Ravine, we rush, the little engine whistling all the way down the grade. Behind us, slowly panting up the hillside, comes the monster overland train, its noise painfully deafening. Down the ravine, now skirting its sharp sides, through cuts and around sharp points, we fly, until we reach the level grade running to Long Ravine bridge (one of the highest trestles on the overland route); under the bridge we dash, and as we emerge on the engine shows back a loud blast of triumph to the overland, which is at the trestle. Back and forth the three engines shout, until the sounds fill the gorges of the American and Bear rivers, and borne by the chill evening breeze, a faint echo comes down from pernicious Cape Horn—Cape Horn, through above us, so coldly overlooking the grand canyon of the Sierras. This is the programme every night. Long Ravine bridge is the passing place of the trains, and the locomotives whistle to each other as they part, good night, and God-speed on their respective journeys. We pass from the ravine, a mournful whistle floating back, and start down Bear river grade at a fearful speed, the wheels gritting and snapping at the track every point we round. Down brakes is whistled, and we creep on to the Bear river trestle, probably the most hazardous trestle in our State. The moon looks down peacefully, shedding its light on the slopes of manzanita and pine, until each leaf and spear looks bewitched. Below, the Bear river flowed, wasted away to a mere rivulet, and we thought of that same stream, years before, in the dead of winter, when it had swept away the old stage crossing, and spread out over the flats, rendering the passage of the stage coach impossible, and we had to construct a family raft to cross the swollen stream. Now, how changed!

What was then considered an impossibility—railroad—has supplanted the old Concord coaches; the turnpike road is deserted, and even the recollection of it faint; the prairie schooner freight wagons lay idle; the toll houses, whose log fires had been so inviting on snowy nights, are closed up, and rapidly decaying; the teams of noble greys are broken up and sold; coaches and drivers gone to new camps, undisturbed as yet by the locomotives whistle. Somehow, as we thought, we wished for the days of the stage, and a seat on the box with the driver, eagerly listening to his budget of news from home. The cars seemed to go on without a murmur.

BY PLUNGING INTO THE SURF AND SWIMMING A MILE OR SO OUT TO SEA. LOTS OF PEOPLE GO DOWN TO THE BATHING BEACH AT THIS EARLY HOUR TO WITNESS THESE AQUATIC PERFORMANCES. NO NEWPORT ENTERTAINMENT IS PERFECT WITHOUT LADY SYKES, AND AS SHE HAS A VIM, SNAP AND GO WHICH MAY BE EQUALLED, BUT CANNOT BE EXCEEDED, THERE ARE FEW ENTERTAINERS SHE DOES NOT HONOR WITH HER PRESENCE. IN LONDON SHE IS A REIGNING BELLE IN THE ULTRA-FASHIONABLE SET AND WAS GREATLY DISTINGUISHED BY THE RESPECTFUL HOMAGE OF AN ILLUSTRIOS PERSONAGE. HERE SHE HAS CHARMED EVERYONE, AND MADE MANY WARM FRIENDS BY HER WINNING WAYS. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN RAVE ABOUT LADY SYKES.—N. Y. SUN.

The Newport Belle this year has been the charming Lady Sykes, wife of Sir Tatton Sykes. The Sykes and the Von Hoffmans have been, and still are at this present writing, the center of attraction at the Ocean House.

Mrs. Von Hoffman (nee Grimes), a sister of the late Mrs. Sam. Ward, has been known in New York fashionable society, while her husband, the great German banker, is equally well known in the financial world.

Sir Tatton Sykes—about fifty years old, though looking much younger, enjoys an income of \$50,000 per annum. He wedded not long ago, a young lady of twenty, the sister of Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, who is passing the summer here. Lady Sykes created a great furor in London society when she made her debut. Blessed with beauty, cleverness, tact and energy, she is one of those rare women who do everything well. She swims, rides, drives, shoots, dances, walks, talks, dresses and plays lawn tennis to perfection.

AT SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING SHE BEGINS THE DAY'S AMUSEMENT BY PLUNGING INTO THE SURF AND SWIMMING A MILE OR SO OUT TO SEA. LOTS OF PEOPLE GO DOWN TO THE BATHING BEACH AT THIS EARLY HOUR TO WITNESS THESE AQUATIC PERFORMANCES. NO NEWPORT ENTERTAINMENT IS PERFECT WITHOUT LADY SYKES, AND AS SHE HAS A VIM, SNAP AND GO WHICH MAY BE EQUALLED, BUT CANNOT BE EXCEEDED, THERE ARE FEW ENTERTAINERS SHE DOES NOT HONOR WITH HER PRESENCE. IN LONDON SHE IS A REIGNING BELLE IN THE ULTRA-FASHIONABLE SET AND WAS GREATLY DISTINGUISHED BY THE RESPECTFUL HOMAGE OF AN ILLUSTRIOS PERSONAGE. HERE SHE HAS CHARMED EVERYONE, AND MADE MANY WARM FRIENDS BY HER WINNING WAYS. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN RAVE ABOUT LADY SYKES.—N. Y. SUN.

The game of base ball between the Boston and the Cincinnati, at Cincinnati on Saturday, was marked by an experiment of extraordinary interest in pitching a curved ball. A line running parallel with the line from the home-plate to the first base bag was taken as a straight line for the trial. On the Cincinnati grounds it runs north and south. The pitcher was placed at the south end of it opposite the home-plate. Midway between the home-plate and the first base was placed a section of a palisade fence, one end resting on the line and the other pointing toward the infiel, at right angles. This, of course, formed a barrier to the ball started on the west side of the line, unless it should cross over to the east side. Another section of the fence was placed at right angles to the line opposite the first base, but being on the east side of the line. Then at the south end a board was placed on end on the line. Bond, the pitcher of the Boston, was placed on the west side of the board, and a little behind it, so that he was to deliver the ball from the west side of the line. It was for him to demonstrate that the ball could be made to leave his hand on the west side of the line, cross over to the east side so as to avoid the fence on the west side, and recross to the west side to avoid the other fence. Bond at first set the ball against the edge of the board, but after several trials he was able to clear that, and, sending the ball fairly around the middle barrier, landed it on the same side it started from at the other end of the line. The curve was not only visible to the eye, but it was shown beyond possibility of dispute. The demonstration was greeted with shouts of applause.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Odds and Ends.

A woman who makes a practice of borrowing a quart of milk generally makes a pint of returning it.

Dick Turpin used to say, "Your money or your life." The present highwayman says, "Lend me a quarter."

There isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass-widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.

Brown says he's been so often deceived by the chicken at his boarding-house that he now calls it the mocking bird.

French dame to family physician—"Doctor, I want my husband to take me to Nice for the winter. Now what is the matter with me?"

"The single scull race!" exclaimed an old lady as she laid down her morning newspaper, "I didn't know they'd discovered a race with double skulls!"

"Why, in such a hurry!" said a man to an acquaintance. "Sir," said the man, "I have bought a new bon net for my wife, and I fear the fashion may change before I get home."

A young lady, residing in a border town, was heard to remark in regard to her father's snoring, that "the neighbors all set out their washtubs, thinking that a thunderstorm was coming up."

A good repartee is told of a young man who was reminded that his aunt had paid his debts, and that he should be more submissive to the wishes of his relatives. "Yes, yes, my aunt paid my creditors, but what has she done for me?"

In a New York court—"Were you ever in Albany?" "Yes sir." "How long were you there?" "Six months, sir." "Were you in the penitentiary at that time?" "Yes sir; but I never was in the Assembly, sir." "Silence in Court!"

Hunter is a politician, and the other night he determined to pop the question. He called at the young lady's house and said, "I propose we go into caucus and nominate a joint ticket." Smith happened to come in just then said, "I dispute the title of the delegate."

One ought to get as much consolation as possible out of his grievances. We always admired the cheerful and hopeful spirit of the colored man, who when struck by lightning, simply rubbed the abraded spot of his skull and remarked, "Dat makes free times I've been struck; now, I shouldn't wonder if it let me alone."

Pitching Curved Balls.

The game of base ball between the Boston and the Cincinnati, at Cincinnati on Saturday, was marked by an experiment of extraordinary interest in pitching a curved ball. A line running parallel with the line from the home-plate to the first base bag was taken as a straight line for the trial. On the Cincinnati grounds it runs north and south. The pitcher was placed at the south end of it opposite the home-plate. Midway between the home-plate and the first base was placed a section of a palisade fence, one end resting on the line and the other pointing toward the infiel, at right angles. This, of course, formed a barrier to the ball started on the west side of the line, unless it should cross over to the east side. Another section of the fence was placed at right angles to the line opposite the first base, but being on the east side of the line. Then at the south end a board was placed on end on the line. Bond, the pitcher of the Boston, was placed on the west side of the board, and a little behind it, so that he was to deliver the ball from the west side of the line. It was for him to demonstrate that the ball could be made to leave his hand on the west side of the line, cross over to the east side so as to avoid the fence on the west side, and recross to the west side to avoid the other fence. Bond at first set the ball against the edge of the board, but after several trials he was able to clear that, and, sending the ball fairly around the middle barrier, landed it on the same side it started from at the other end of the line. The curve was not only visible to the eye, but it was shown beyond possibility of dispute. The demonstration was greeted with shouts of applause.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Pope Pio Nono is reported dead. He probably yet lives.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Let Your Neighbor Alone.

Down in the heart of the valley,
In the gloom of the mountain mist,
She gathered a purple thistle,
Of the hue of an amethyst.

Up in the queasy garden,
With sovereign roses crowned,
She plucked one red as a ruby,
And the rose with the thistle bound.

Down in the lonely valley
She passed through the twilight gloom,
The rose was crushed, but the thistle
Was bright in its purple bloom.

Youth is the rose that withers,
But lighting the evening gloom
Love livens like the hardy vine,
Bright with its morning bloom.

—Sarah D. Clark.

When e'er you take your matin walk,
And watch the solemn soaring hawk,
Melt in the boundless blue;
These pretties of all pretty girls,
Whose locks are like the curly
Matchless golden hue;

My Nellie, when the fresh wind wakes
The lillies on the rippled lakes,
And every sun-kissed flower makes
Your heart a pit-a-pat;
And far you watch the snowy sail.
Filled by Aurora's spicy gale.

Keep one hand on your hat.

Mag. White.

End of a Notorious St. Louis Woman.

[St. Louis Dispatch.]
On Sunday a noted courtesan, known as Mag White, died at her house on Ninth street, of consumption, and was buried this afternoon, the funeral taking place from Smithers' undertaking rooms, corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets. The body, which had been lying in state at Smithers' room since shortly after death, was viewed this morning by a large number of the former associates of the deceased.

The corpse was laid out in a handsome casket. The floral offerings contributed by sisters in shame were profuse and elegant, almost enshrouding the body and covering the coffin.

Of all the wealth of white flowers there was but one little contribution that had not been brought by fingers of soiled doves. This token deserves notice. It was only a delicately wrought letter "G," which was placed on the glass top of the coffin, over the breast of the corpse. What the letter "G" could stand for, was a question asked by many of the visitors to Smithers'. To a *Dispatch* reporter a lady dressed in black, and wearing a heavy veil, said, in a low voice, that the letter "G" stood for "Gertrude," the name the deceased bore before she went to the bad, and those camellias and tube roses were arranged to form that letter by a friend, who knew her when she was a merry-eyed, innocent girl.

There is quite a romance connected with the madam. The following facts have been given by one who knew her: She was the daughter of a noted minister of the gospel, living near Fredericktown, Missouri, named Watts, and at one time stationed in this city. When the rebellion broke out she was in the bloom of girlhood, residing with her father in Cape Girardeau County. The preacher espoused the rebel cause, and joined the forces of Jeff Thompson, the "Swamp Fox" of the southeast. After a while a force of Union troops occupied that portion of the State, and Maggie made the acquaintance of some of the officers. One of them married her, and his regiment being ordered away, he left his young bride at home while he marched to the front. Another officer took advantage of her situation and effected her ruin. When the war ended and the preacher returned to his family he discarded his erring daughter, and she came to St. Louis to hide her shame. For several years she led a retired life, and then took a house of her own, which she kept in elegant style. She had made repeated efforts to become reconciled to her father, but the stern old man, who in his sermons boasted that until the day of his conversion he had been the chief of sinners, refused to receive her back. For several years she was affected with consumption, and yesterday she found relief in death.

It was the request of Gertrude Watts, alias Maggie White, that none of her associates attend her funeral, but this was unheeded, and a large concourse assembled to be present at the sad rites which were conducted by the Rev. C. C. Houghton, of the Methodist church, corner of Eleventh and Locust streets. A number in carriages followed the hearse to the cemetery, presenting a singular picture as they gathered round the grave so suggestive of earth's frivolities.

A particularly high-toned Boston drummer who prides himself on his charms, forever lost his pride the other day. He drove his fellow drummers wild in a car by his attentions to a comely maiden, to whom he showed his samples and whose hand he squeezed for half an hour. But when the train stopped, a quiet old fellow stepped forward and thanked him for entertaining the girl, remarking: "She is hopelessly insane, and I am taking her to the State Asylum here." —*Providence Journal*.

A girl in Louisa county, Iowa, who will not be fifteen years old till next January, has lately taken herself a second husband. Her maiden name was Rebecca Beamer, and she kept it for thirteen years and six months, when she married a man named Head. In less than a year she lost her head and became the blushing bride of Mr. John Goven.—*St. Joseph Chronicle*.

Lunar Superstitions.

The Tyrolese cure freckles by washing them at night with water in which the moon shines. In the Hartz mountains and Silesia the remedy for anything suspicious—always ready to believe the worst of everybody. Reader, if you belong to that unfortunate class, we pity you. A prying mind needs food, and without it suffers. Then try to conquer the unhappy peculiarity. What is it to you if your neighbor does bring home a brown paper package and a covered basket? You will live just as long if you never know what they contain. It is none of your business. And if your flighty neighbor, Mrs. Lightfoot, indulges herself in a new bonnet, while her devoted husband wears patched boots, you need not fret about it—he is the only sufferer not you. No need of making a hubub and cry over her supposed extravagance. The money did not come out of your pocket, and consequently it is none of your business. What if the minister does call on Ann Smith twice a week? Why exercise your brain about it? Suppose she has an awful temper and powders her face as you say she does—her temper will not trouble you. Mind your own concerns. What difference does it make to you if bold Maria "cuts out" modest Mary? You need not torture Mary by long stories of what you have heard concerning the matter. "I thought I would tell you, my dear. I speak for your own good. Somebody should put you on your guard against that treacherous girl." As a consequence, modest Mary, her pride aroused, shrinks into the background, leaving the field open to her successful rival. So you crush a poor girl's heart by not minding your own business. What if they do have three pairs of stockings over to "Squire Hill"? Haven't they got a right to? As long as you don't do the washing it need not trouble you at all. Why right have you to watch their clothesline? Employ your time better. It may be perfectly true that dashing Mrs. Gay signals to young Dr. Wilde from her back windows. But who gave you the privilege of watching a lady in her own home, where, if any place, her privacy should be sacred? Her disgrace is nothing to you; it is none of your business.

TREATMENT OF ALKALI LAND.—Several months ago the Westminster Grange forwarded to Professor Hilgard, of the State University, a sample of strong alkali ground. He analyzed it, and wrote that by using from 600 to 1,000 pounds of gypsum (land plaster) per acre, the alkali could be overcome. The sample sent for analysis was from land that would not produce anything, and W. G. McPherson, who furnished the sample, concluded to experiment on the same land he took the sample from. He showed plaster on the piece at the rate of 1,000 pounds per acre, and secured a very fine stand of corn, from the plastered, while all around it, on the very same kind of land, planted and cultivated in the very same way, save only the gypsum, he has nothing—not even a weed. And yet we are told "plaster won't help it."

The Grange appointed a committee to examine and secure samples from the reported deposits of gypsum in this section. They found some in the Santiago Canyon, which has been to Professor Hilgard for analysis. Should it prove the real article we shall be able to get all we want for use on our lands at a merely nominal rate.—*Anaheim Gazette*.

KISSING IN THE DARK.—A young gentleman of Nevada City, who lately went over to Colfax along with his girl, gives us this as his experience in the Greenhorn tunnel. He says he didn't yet talk like he did. This is what he says:

Gentle reader, did you ever—I desire not to be personal, but—did you ever kiss a girl in a railroad tunnel? I never did, but if the truth must be told, I've wanted to mighty bad. Not that I have any idea that a chaste salute in the dark and narrow confines of a tunnel renders a kiss more delicious than if stolen or taken with full permission anywhere else; but it is the novelty of the thing; it is in the darkness, the rank burglary; the calculation as to the time; the sudden assault; desperate defense the acute agony of skirmish line of hair pins; the carrying of the outer works; the scare; the glorious sweetness of the surrender, and then the condemnable meanness afterwards of the victory; then buried repairs and impossible attempts to appear placid and all serene before the other passengers. I tell you there's a short lifetime in kissing a girl in a tunnel.—*Grass Valley Union*.

A WOMAN MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED.—Briget F. Kennedy was murdered at South Boston Thursday night, where she had gone to visit her sister. About 9 o'clock she rang the bell, was admitted by her brother and immediately fell to the floor and died in ten minutes. On an examination in the mortuary, three stabs were found in her breast. The affair is involved in mystery. Peter Mahoney was arrested on suspicion and a bloody knife was found in his possession. He was under the influence of liquor and had been seen near the house brandishing a knife, early in the evening, and threatening to kill some one.

Chicken rearing by machinery has reached its last and most glorious period—it even supplies an artificial mother hen for the guileless chicken to brood under at night, and fly to in moments of peril during the day.

A Female Recluse.

Friday Nov. 9th, a wood teamster named McCausland, who was hauling wood in the mountains about twenty miles northeast of this city, saw a woman riding astride of a goat on the side of a mountain. She seemed quite at ease on her improvised course, and was riding along at a fast gait, but as soon as she saw she was observed she jumped off the goat and ran out of sight on the further side of the mountain, nannay followed in her tracks. The teamster is at a loss to account for the presence of the woman in that neighborhood, as he is sure that there are no families residing there, though his auditors might.

Plodgers is a neighbor of Blivens, and the other day, as they were going home, Blivens remarked to Plodgers, "You can't guess what I've got in this box," indicating something very like coop that he was packing. Mr. Plodgers did the amount of guessing proper to indicate an interest in the question, and then gave it up. "It's an owl," said Mr. Blivens, "a big white owl, I gave a boy up town a dollar for him. I suppose you will think I am a fool, but I just want to see my cat 'Tige' worry him. It will be better than a circus and don't cost any more."

"Once I had an owl," said Mr. Plodgers—but Blivens interrupted—"You see he had wings clipped so that he can't fly, and I don't mean to let the cat kill him, but just to let him up, and then I shall take him off. You ought to see that cat of mine go for birds. It's simply terrific. I've seen him jump ten feet, just exactly like a small tiger. You just see him light on this owl and you'll say so."

Said Mr. Plodgers, "when was a boy I had—" "I don't think," interrupted Mr. Blivens, "that 'Tige' can drag the owl off before I can get him away. Anyhow, if he does and kills him I shall have my dollar's worth."

With this they reached Mr. Blivens' cottage, and Mr. B. emptied his owl out upon the lawn, and called for his cat.

"'Tige,'" came running up but when he spied the strange bird staring and winking and blinking in every direction, his whole appearance was transformed. Crouching to the ground with flashing eye and quivering tail he crept toward his victim, while Blivens' expectancy equaled that of his cat.

"'Tige,'" said Blivens, "is good as seeing a tiger in his native jungle. Now—"

This last as Tige, with a splendid bound, lit directly upon the bird of Minerva. There was a moment's confusion and then Tige was putting in some of the liveliest kind of somersaults, with the ten talons of the owl locked in his ribs, and his beak in the back of his head.

"I don't think I ought to let Tige kill the d—d owl," exclaimed Mr. Blivens, as he started for the beligerents; but just at that moment, Tige, with his tail the size of a stove-pipe and the owl securely fastened to him as though they were Siamese twins, dashed off. Away he went; through a thicket of blackberry briars he sped with a wake of fur and feathers—in a cyclone of dust and caterwauling, away he dashed across the garden and Mr. Blivens soon gave up the chase. And as he returned, gathering fragments of his cat as he came, he got the concluding remarks of Plodgers.

"'Tige,'" said Blivens, "had an owl when I was a boy that killed all the cats in the neighborhood."

Mr. Blivens does not talk much about owls just now; but Mr. Plodgers requests us to mention that if anyone should find an owl with a cat attachment, it is probably Mr. Blivens' dollar investment.

Blivens' Owl.

Some Experiments in Natural History and Astonishing Results.

[San Jose Mercury, Nov. 19.]

Mr. Blivens, who resides in the eastern part of the city, has, or rather had, a remarkably fine cat; none of your half-starved, sneaking monstrosities, but as active a specimen of the genus feline as ever came from abundant care and petting. Blivens was very proud of his cat, and to his friends was accustomed to descant on his many marvellous qualities. Its intelligence, activity and ferocity were themes upon which Blivens never wearied, though his auditors might.

Plodgers is a neighbor of Blivens, and the other day, as they were going home, Blivens remarked to Plodgers, "You can't guess what I've got in this box," indicating something very like coop that he was packing. Mr. Plodgers did the amount of guessing proper to indicate an interest in the question, and then gave it up. "It's an owl," said Mr. Blivens, "a big white owl, I gave a boy up town a dollar for him. I suppose you will think I am a fool, but I just want to see my cat 'Tige' worry him. It will be better than a circus and don't cost any more."

"Once I had an owl," said Mr. Plodgers—but Blivens interrupted—"You see he had wings clipped so that he can't fly, and I don't mean to let the cat kill him, but just to let him up, and then I shall take him off. You ought to see that cat of mine go for birds. It's simply terrific. I've seen him jump ten feet, just exactly like a small tiger. You just see him light on this owl and you'll say so."

Said Mr. Plodgers, "when was a boy I had—" "I don't think," interrupted Mr. Blivens, "that 'Tige' can drag the owl off before I can get him away. Anyhow, if he does and kills him I shall have my dollar's worth."

With this they reached Mr. Blivens' cottage, and Mr. B. emptied his owl out upon the lawn, and called for his cat.

"'Tige,'" came running up but when he spied the strange bird staring and winking and blinking in every direction, his whole appearance was transformed. Crouching to the ground with flashing eye and quivering tail he crept toward his victim, while Blivens' expectancy equaled that of his cat.

"'Tige,'" said Blivens, "is good as seeing a tiger in his native jungle. Now—"

This last as Tige, with a splendid bound, lit directly upon the bird of Minerva. There was a moment's confusion and then Tige was putting in some of the liveliest kind of somersaults, with the ten talons of the owl locked in his ribs, and his beak in the back of his head.

"I don't think I ought to let Tige kill the d—d owl," exclaimed Mr. Blivens, as he started for the beligerents; but just at that moment, Tige, with his tail the size of a stove-pipe and the owl securely fastened to him as though they were Siamese twins, dashed off. Away he went; through a thicket of blackberry briars he sped with a wake of fur and feathers—in a cyclone of dust and caterwauling, away he dashed across the garden and Mr. Blivens soon gave up the chase. And as he returned, gathering fragments of his cat as he came, he got the concluding remarks of Plodgers.

"'Tige,'" said Blivens, "had an owl when I was a boy that killed all the cats in the neighborhood."

Mr. Blivens does not talk much about owls just now; but Mr. Plodgers requests us to mention that if anyone should find an owl with a cat attachment, it is probably Mr. Blivens' dollar investment.

President Grant's visit to Marshal MacMahon is one of the picturesque things in history. The two men have many points of resemblance and many opposite characteristics. Their careers have been in some respects strikingly similar. Each was first a successful soldier and afterwards the chief of a great Republic. Each owed his political elevation principally to the popular esteem which his military record had brought him, and each was unfitted in some degree for the discharge of political duties by his military education. Grant was in civil life hardly less stubborn than MacMahon, hardly less confident of his own judgment, and not at all less jealous of his personal prerogative. But as Grant's military record is much more brilliant than that of MacMahon, so, unless all present indications fail, will his civil life be regarded as nobler when the lives of both men are finally made up. The American President always stopped on the right side of imprudence; the French President has not always done so. The American has thoroughly at heart the welfare of his countrymen and the permanency of Republican institutions; the Frenchman is chiefly concerned about the church and the dynasty of the Bonapartes. It would be a wholesome thing, perhaps, for the two Presidents if they could exchange views freely on political subjects, without reference to etiquette. General Grant might give MacMahon lessons on statecraft, for, though America has wiser politicians than Grant, it has none stupider than MacMahon.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* believes when Gen. Sherman got back home from kissing all those Oregon girls, the family rule against round dances was suspended for about ten minutes.

There is a lady living on Baxter street, New York, named "Helen B. Darned." This is shocking but true. At least the *Commercial Advertiser* says so.

The Dubuque *Times* thinks that if any enterprise would justify a city going into debt, water works would supply the justification.

* A man named J. Christ was arrested in San Francisco a few days ago on two charges of battery.

* It is proposed to attempt the propagation of catfish in the Carson river. Muddy water would suit them to a dot.

Choice dairy cattle for sale, cheap for cash. Apply at this office.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Friday and Saturday.

Pollard House.

G W Stevenson, New York; J M Smith, Meadows; F Newberger, San Francisco; J Nelson, Wadsworth; W J Totter, Virginia.

Hugh Kennedy, A L Lufelminier, Virginia; W S Graves, Honey Lake; W H Rulison, East; Mr Rulison and wife, Dayton; D Dobles, Miss Debles, Carson; B Cassett, Elko.

Depot Hotel.

Miss Vanderlief, J P Cochran, H W Marston, San Francisco; B F Smith, A Denney, Sacramento; Jno Scott, R J Breed, A Ash, J M Campbell, E S Davis, S Z Dickson, D O Adkinson, Virginia; Mrs Quinn, Dutch Flat; J H Sheimer, Gold Hill; S T Gage, Oakland; J M Graham, Colfax; Mrs W Williams, Belleville; H L Hoyer, W F Detert, Tuscarora.

R Stephenson, Genoa; Jas Reilly, San Francisco; J O Powers, W C Chamberlain, C C Weisser, San Francisco; Mrs M Jobe, S H Marlett, Carson; Mrs E Legg, Salt Lake; Mrs Chas Glasson, Eureka; Jno Thompson, Oakland; G Leibain, New York; T J Hatch, Denver; F Stewart, Stockton; N H A Mason, Oakland; Mr and Mrs Book, Grass Valley.

International Hotel.

John Fortune, San Francisco; G W May, Downieville; Wm Davis, Summit; Sam Aston, Guano Valley, F M Richardson, Steamboat; N Freyer, Greenville; Geo A Small, Reno; Thos Rodder, Wm Bett, John Hallow, S Martin, Virginia; M E Ward and family, Granite Meadows; A Bila, A Jukett, City.

M E Ward and family, Granite Meadows; D Kendig, Napa City; G Perry, Susanville; J R Withington, Hamilton; J B James, Wm Jernig, Sam Dixon, L Lettner, Virginia; J Parker, Coolemane; John Correll, W Floor, Sam Tully, Virginia; P Doyle, M Miller, Jas Ferris, Carson; John Biggley, H Mayer, J Jones, Mountains.

Western Hotel.

E C Killoran, California; O Anderson, Reno; John Sullivan, Meadows; Thos Donning, Carson; John Wilson, John Cummings, Emigrant Gap; Con McCarty, Thos Briggs, Mountains.

E Edwards, San Francisco; G S Enreka, Anton Bedell, Sierra Valley; Chas Rivers, Reno; Thos Donning, J Foal, Carson.

Cranger House.

Simon Young, Jacob Braune, Virginia; Andy Peterson, Sacramento; J C Calhoun, P W Lawson, Carson; D Buckley, City; J E Wilkens, Valparaiso; W E Murphy, H D Dawson Blue Canon; O N Wheeler, Virginia.

Jottings.

District Court next Monday.
Jasper Babcock returned to the Comstock Wednesday morning.

The funeral services of Mr. McBride Wednesday afternoon at the Baptist Church were very impressive.

The rain and frost have done their work, and now the welcome pleasant weather is again upon us.

Our little town is as quiet as a day-dream, and our citizens seem as content as the dreamer.

Lady Washington mining stock has suddenly risen, on the strength of a threatened litigation with Alta.

A dearth of amusements in town this week. What has become of Scott's Saturday night soirees?

The Utah is the last to levy an assessment. Two dollars per share is the amount modestly called for.

Said Daniel, "Hold 'im round the turn and when he goes to hoggin' let him go and land him in a masterly manner."

W. R. Phillips' bond is \$3,000. As it now appears he will have to lie in jail until his trial at the next term of court.

Jno. Richart was held Wednesday, in the Justice's Court, to appear before the next grand jury to answer to the charge of forgery.

Mr. Greene of Virginia City takes the agency of Singer Manufacturing Co. made vacant by the death of Mr. McBride.

W. D. Phillips went down on the lightning express last night to Sacramento. Phil's conduct is a little suspicious.

Mr. Isaac is building a cozy residence on Chestnut street. We surmise that Mr. I. intends to follow the example recently set by his partner.

The C. P. R. R. Co. yesterday paid their taxes, amounting to \$13,264.98, to the county Treasurer. The taxes of the V. & T. R. R. Co. amount to \$5,094.

The Con. Virginia paid its dividend Wednesday. Thursday California and Northern Belle paid their monthly dividends. Happy are the holders of these stocks.

Eight patients now find accommodations at the County Hospital. Mr. Bowen provides handsomely for their wants, and Dr. Bishop, the County Medicco, reports only one serious case.

The subscription for the lighting on dark nights the lamps at each end of the bridge has been paid up, and hereafter the iron beauty will be lighted as per agreement, by those having this matter in charge.

After next Monday taxes will be delinquent. Property holders walk up and pay your taxes between this time and 9 o'clock Monday night, or be prepared to pay ten per cent. delinquency penalty.

And now the Plute maiden delighteth to stand on the street corners; with painted face and a new blanket thrown about her shoulders, while her dirty feet keep time with the music which she maketh upon a jewsharp.

They all took a bus last night at the Episcopal social, held at the residence of Mr. Gardner in Carson. All that is required is that those who will stand in shall leave their order at Doc Benton's. We Reno Episcopians should have a bus at our church social. Why not?

DIRECT ROAD TO RENO.—The crews that have been at work on the survey for the direct railroad between this city and Reno returned yesterday morning. The route surveyed is along the Geiger Grade to a point nearly opposite the race track, then to Steamboat Springs and Reno. It is forty-two miles in length, but can be cut down eight or nine miles, making the length thirty-three or thirty-four miles. This route has not been fully decided upon, however, by the promoters of the new railroad scheme, and they are now considering the comparative advantages of the Lousie Creek and Steamboat Springs routes. The former strikes the Truckee river about twelve miles from Reno. The Renoites are very enthusiastic over the new road, and have already subscribed over \$50,000, and promised to increase their subscriptions to fully \$100,000. The route will probably not be finally determined upon before Spring.—Va. Chronicle.

We trust that in a few days we shall be able to present something more definite than has yet appeared upon the project for the above railroad.

\$60,000,000 gold in U. S. Treasury for resumption, Jan., '79.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate have been recorded during the past three weeks:

Geo. W. Loudan and wife to Hugh Montgomery. 200 acres of land in Washoe Valley for \$1,680.

Mrs. P. E. Smith to James Evans. Lot in Wadsworth, \$200.

A. C. McFarlin and wife to Grey & Isaacs. Lots 6 and 7 in block 4, Western Addition, \$2,000.

J. P. Grey to J. Isaacs. North 105 feet of lots 6 and 7 in block 4, Western Addition, \$1.

J. Isaacs to J. P. Grey. South 105 feet of lots 6 and 7 in block 4, Western Addition, \$200.

Joseph Leuman to T. O. Stark. Lots 11, 12 and 13 in block 4, Western Addition, \$650.

S. E. Cardinal to James Benton. Lot in Wadsworth, \$40.

A. Evans to Wm. Hoffman. North half of lot 4 and all of lot 5 in block 6, \$300.

A. H. Barnes to A. J. Clark. Lot 6 in block 11, Marsh's Addition, \$140.

E. W. Vance to L. F. Dean. Sixty-five acres of land in Truckee Meadows, \$1,500.

James Gault and wife to Martin Gulling. One hundred and eighty acres of land in Truckee Meadows, with water right, \$8,200.

REPUTATION SPOILED.—Richard, the man who was tried a few days ago in the Justice Court for forging a telegram or rather attempting to do so, assayed to show the Justice that he, defendant, was a man of good character, and to this end subpoenaed Messrs. Coleman and Wintermantel as witnesses. Mr. Coleman said, "yes I have known defendant for a number of years, and I further know that he 'bilked' me out of some \$15 board bill."

Mr. Wintermantel had also been a loser of a week or more board, and had been informed that defendant had been in San Quentin for forgery.

Richard had no more character witnesses to introduce, and his immaculate soul recoiled, and as he was escorted away by Barlow, he gently murmured, "He who steals my money—no, I have none; but he who robs me of my good name takes that which does not him enrich, and makes me poor indeed."

Disastrous Fire in Chicago.

CHICAGO, November 14.—At 8:05 this evening a fire broke out in the fifth story of Field & Leiter's retail establishment, corner of State and Washington, from unknown causes. Nobody was at the alarm box when the firemen reached there and fifteen minutes was lost in finding the fire. The flames quickly communicated to the lower floors, and at 10 o'clock the whole building was one mass of fire. Mr. Field estimates his loss at perhaps \$1,000,000 and it is not less than \$750,000, certainly. Many casualties occurred. Charles Dudley of San Francisco, a member of a Chicago fire company, was killed; and Lieut. J. H. Shuenberg, Francis Flannigan, R. C. Payne and Jerome Barley badly injured. Pat Smith, an employee, was hurt by a falling timber. John O'Rourke and Eugene Sweeney, pipemen, are missing and supposed to be in the ruins. The stock was insured for \$950,000. The wholesale establishment being several blocks away was uninjured, and Mr. Field says that the retail business will be resumed as soon as suitable quarters can be obtained.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.

Sloan's insurance agency reports, concerning the loss by the last night, that the building is estimated by architect Bauman as damaged less than \$100,000; insured for \$200,000 in New York agencies. The fire broke out a second time early this morning in the basement where were stored a large quantity of package goods, and it became necessary to flood that part of the store. Besides Dudley, who was killed last night, the only other man known to have fallen a victim to the flames is O'Rourke, a fireman, who fell with the stairs from the third story to the basement, and whose body has not yet been found.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Harrisburg, November 15.—The official vote of Pennsylvania shows that Sterrett (Republican), for Supreme Judge received 244,480; Trunkey (Democrat), 251,000; Bartley (Greenback), 51,582, and Winton (Prohibition), 2,899 votes. Trunkey's plurality, 6,520. The other officers' votes were in about the same proportion.

Russian administration is being introduced into the villages of Erzeroum. General Schelovnikoff has been appointed Military Governor.

Eastern war news is meagre. Preparations are going on for a general attack on Plevna.

The Elevator Adepts.

A Story from Real Life.

Three Renoites attempted to run the elevator of the International hotel, Virginia city. They thought while stopping in the metropolis, a city of altitudes, that rooms in the fifth story would be in keeping with every propriety. To walk down the stairway or slide down the bannisters would, of course, be common. Approaching the elevator, with full purpose of acting dignified, they found no one to propel this creation for high-toned convenience. Ability to manipulate was in demand; but to get to the lower levels was the desideratum. A sudden pull on the rope and rapidly descended the trio. It very quickly occurred to their minds that such electric rates were not conducive to personal safety and the engineer gave the rope another pull, but more delicate was his touch this time. The elevator suddenly halted and the trio were tossed for a moment mid-air. They had not recovered from their sudden shock when, to their astonishment the elevator car began slowly to ascend. They gazed at each other in silent awe; the door of the story from which they had originally started came in sight and out they leaped, the "engineer" narrowly escaping with his life.

What was to be done? Suppose the thing kept on going. Damages, mortification and fear loomed ominously before them. The gentlemen resolved to head the thing off and secure the services of an injunction on its further progress; but their route was circuitous and its track was direct. It also was Morgan stock and they bet on Morgan blood.

The elevator had arrived at the roof and as it was propelled by water power could only exhibit public signs of pendant distress. The trio were soon together and hurrying down to the first floor by the old style of traveling passed from the hotel. Secrecy was enjoined and conjectures as to how the elevator felt and how the landlord would manage the untamed, dispelled all thoughts of their narrow escape and furnished abundant cause for frequent and hearty laughs.

San Francisco Market.

FLOUR—Extra is jobbing at \$7.00 @ \$7.50.

WHEAT—\$2.20 @ \$2.30

BARLEY—\$1.62 @ \$1.80

OATS—\$1.60 @ \$1.95

CORN MEAL—2½@3c.

POTATOES—75@ \$1.37 ½c.

SWEET POTATOES—85@1.25c.

ONIONS—45c@55c.

BEANS—2@8 ½c.

HAMS—12½@18c.

BACON—12@16c.

LARD—12@17c.

DRIED PEACHES—11@14c.

TURKEYS—16@19c. 3 lb.

CHICKENS—\$4@6 50 3 lb.

EGGS—40@5 00 3 lb.

BUTTER—40@50c.

CHEESE—18@21c.

HONEY—12½@22c.

WOOL—10@20c.

SYRUP—70c 3 gal.

BEEF—4@7c.

MUTTON—3@4½c.

PORK—4½@5½c; Dressed, 7c.

HIDES—Dry flat, 16@17c; Slaedt, 7@9c.

TALLOW—5½@6 ¼c.

SALT—Coarse Liverpool, \$18@20c.

Dairy, \$22 3 lb.

HAY—\$15@23 3 lb.

LUMBER—Rough, \$12½@17.

FLOORING—\$25.

BLASTING POWDER—50@75c.

QUICKSILVER—45c.

FLOUR—Extra \$5 3 c.

WHEAT—\$2.80@3.

BARLEY—\$2.60@2.65.

OATS—\$2.75@3.

CORN MEAL—4½c.

POTATOES—1½@2c.

SWEET POTATOES—8c.

HAY—Bailed, \$15@16; Loose, \$10.

ONIONS—2c.

BEANS—5½@7c.

HAMS—17@20c.

BACON—16@18c.

LARD—16@20c.

DRIED APPLES—10@12½c.

CHICKENS—\$6@8 per dozen.

TURKEYS—28c 3 lb.

EGGS—45@50c.

BUTTER—30c.

CHEESE—15@20c.

APPLES—\$2.50@3 00 3 lb. box.

SYRUP—Best, \$1 10 3 gal.

SALT—Coarse—Leete's Salt, \$25;

Dairy, \$5 3 lb.

POWDER—Vulcan, 50@70c. 3 lb.; Santa Cruz Blasting, \$4@4½ 3 lb. keg.

WOOL—Nevada, 12½@14c; Oregon, 15½@16c.

HIDES—14@15c; Cull at value.

BEEF CATTLE—4@5c.

HOGS—6@6½c.

SHEEP—3@4c.

PELTS—Including fleece, 10@75c.

BAILING ROPE—15@16c.

GRAIN SACKS—10@12½c.

TALLOW—6@7c.

LUMBER—Rough, \$15@16.

FLOORING—\$35@37½c.

SHINGLES—Pine \$3@3½ 3 M;

Redwood, \$4½@4 6½ 3 M.

WOOD—\$5@7 3 M.

The fire companies have placed a smoke stack in their engine room, thus enabling them to fire up inside the building, without being smoked out.

Attention is called to the delinquent notice of the Buckeye Mining Co.

The Italian murder case will come up for trial next Monday, in the District Court.

MARKET REPORT.

A Story from Real Life.

The period for a steady market has arrived, hence we find but little fluctuation in the prices of market commodities. In the San Francisco market poultry has fallen in price and sweet potatoes have made a slight advance, owing to the supply growing lighter. Money is more in demand on account of the greater activity in mining stocks. Freightage by vessel is low because of the number of ships awaiting assignments. There are 35 vessels in the harbor.

In the Reno market trade and prices remain about the same as last week. Honey Lake and California apples have advanced 25 cents on the box. California hides command 21 cents in the New York market. When the Meat Shipping Association starts up, eastern market may find a partial supply from this section.

RENC WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY
ALEXANDER & HAYDEN,
PROPRIETORS.

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One year, in advance.....	\$4 00
Six months.....	2 50
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Office in McFarlin's building, Sierra Street, north of the Railroad.

AGENTS:

GEO. M. MOTTE is our only authorized Agent at Sacramento. He is empowered to make contracts, collect and receipt for all advertisements from that place, published in the Daily or Weekly Gazette.

L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange, is duly authorized to act as our agent in San Francisco.

Saturday, November 17th, 1877.

Conkling's Mistake.

Senator Conkling has suffered his chagrin to betray his better judgment and spoken of President Hayes in a way which does himself no honor. He alleges that the President is Democratic in everything but name, and has a Democratic cabinet. He further tries to cast a shadow upon Hayes' title. Without stopping to ask proof of these things we should like to know wherein Roscoe Conkling's conduct differs from that of any confirmed Democrat. By what right does the New York Senator make his personal dissatisfaction a public grievance, and why does he assume that there is but one way in which Republicanism can work? What is the chance for teaching Mr. Conkling, that while the nation respects his record it is not anxious to see him self-elected dictator to the general government? It is barely possible that the people can reason upon the cause of his sorehead, and that his pet process of bullying may cease to be effective.

If Mr. Conkling is sincere why did he not learn all of these objections and advance them when the Electoral Commission was in session? If these accusations are the offspring of facts and subject to proof, he has wronged the nation and neglected his duty in not speaking his mind. Taking that view, Mr. Conkling is an active accomplice in a most stupendous fraud, and now seeks reward for informing after the fraud was consummated. Is it not plain that the Senator confines himself to assertions, and instead of proof offers his prestige as a political bully, and an exhibition of malignancy unworthy of a statesman? If Mr. Conkling's position can be fortified with proof, then it is the duty of the Republican party to repudiate Mr. Hayes, root and branch, and brand him as a usurper who succeeded through the efforts of Conkling, Morton and other distinguished men. If the Senator does not speedily establish the entire truth of his defamatory charges, then it is the duty of Republicans to mark Mr. Conkling as a malicious politician of the "rule or ruin" class, who forgets the dignity of an American Statesman in his desire to control the petty appointments of customs and naval officers.

It is becoming very plain that Conkling is defending precedent and not principle. That this nation sees its executive officer insulted, hears prophecies of the disruption of a great party and listens to gloomy forebodings as to the final prosperity of the nation; and all because of what? Has the constitution been disregarded? Has any republican principle been outraged? No, the officers appointed have not met the personal views of the New York Senator. Honesty has come into power, a vicious precedent has been buried and intrigue sheds crocodile tears at its grave. Now, if Mr. Conkling does not respect his own record, the people are not called upon to do so. His malicious remarks make him out a very unworthy citizen of this Republic, or a man who knows the truth and dares not maintain it. In either case we believe the Republican party will live and the nation flourish, with Democratic Smith in a country postoffice, and Roscoe Conkling pleased or displeased. This country made Conkling, not he the country; and what we would now suggest is that the Senator proceed, and by his course inform the nation whether it has been honoring a statesman or a very fortunate political bully.

Rumors of peace are again circulating in Europe.

The Position of Hayes.

A telegram informs us that Conkling will insist upon the Senate compelling President Hayes to adhere to his own civil service rules and remove no one without cause. The Committee on Commerce will ask for the reasons why Collector Arthur and Naval Officer Cornell of New York, and Collector Jones of Chicago were suspended. The President is not compelled, under any law or precedent, to answer such an inquiry, but it is expected that he will do so, and the reply will probably be of an interesting character. Just now the President is meeting with concentrated opposition of incipient hostility to his administration. He who was at first presumed to be a man of negative goodness and of small executive ability surprises the nation by his quiet tact and magnetic unifying power. In a revolutionary government like France or a cabinet government like England when the occasion requires marked administrative ability and respectful obedience to the policy of the ruler or premier, he who leads the nation at such a time must possess rare tact, a peculiar fitness for his position. President Hayes must now proceed with no faltering step nor exhibit the least inability to command the situation.

Long use of power and the practical application of the doctrine, to the victors belong the spoils; a partial exhibit of the "cohesive power of public plunder," has made the dominant party clamorous for office, and envious of all political favors. The President having in view the public good, must constantly repress the annoying element of antagonism to an able, conservative administration. The present status of national affairs in the United States does not require concerted party action. In fact, both parties in Congress are much divided in opinion on questions of public interest; nor is there occasion for exhibition of party fealty on questions of resumption, civil service reform, the tariff, subsidies, the standard of the army and navy, foreign relations, labor moves, etc.; hence, at this time, one who by the uniqueness of his election is happily freed from political obligation, may with propriety shake off the trammels of party leadership with the single purpose of serving his country had best pursue an independent course which shall meet with the approval of unpartisan statesmen and the body of the people. President Hayes, aware of the reverential element in every government which is always to be found more or less predominant in the masses, has, by "junketing with his Secretary" among the people, brought that important element to bear in his favor, while it makes cautious the action of those who recognize its power quite as much as they envy those to whom it is given, or despise its crude but puissant influence in an enlightened nation.

The President therefore has the people with him; he has a majority with him in both Houses of Congress and if he chooses can snap his finger under the chronic growler Conkling's nose, or tell the friends of the Pennsylvania leader that he will not appoint Simon Cameron to the English mission, or anywhere else. Hayes is not a great man, but he has done more than Grant ever dared to do. The circumstances are, however, entirely different; they are more critical, and we watch his public doings with mingled hope and fear—hope that he may be able to carry out his civil service order, his conciliation policy, and resist the consummate intrigues of politicians; fears that not being a Napoleon, an executive statesman, the product of an age, he may even in the hour of victory, by an incautious act, impair the influence of what he would accomplish, if not fail in his high purpose. We stand by the President and trust to the success of his administration.

Don Piatt, editor of the *Capital*, has a sensation article in reference to the treatment of deserters and other prisoners—U. S. soldiers—at Alcatraz. We can but presume that there is much exaggeration in the correspondent's report.

The disaffected workingmen of San Francisco are still making speeches, and each day some of the orators are led to jail. The statute of limitation will do away with the disaffected, if the process goes on.

The House has voted to reduce the army about 5,000 men, leaving the strength at 20,000. The measure should be defeated.

Even the New York appointments will probably be confirmed, notwithstanding Roscoe's ire.

Railroad Indebtedness.

The railroad magnates, Sidney Dillon, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, and C. P. Huntington, Vice President of the Central Pacific, appeared with their attorneys Monday before the Senate Judiciary Committee and were granted a hearing on Senator Thurman's bill to compel said companies and four others to pay to the Government their just debts. The principal of their debt is \$64,000,000, and they are \$26,000,000 in arrears on the interest account; in all they now owe \$93,000,000, and no provision has been made, by sinking fund or otherwise, by any one of the six corporations to pay up. Thurman's bill is to the effect that these corporations shall provide a sinking fund of such magnitude that they shall pay the interest on the principal and also make provision to pay the original indebtedness.

The companies propose to pay a million dollars each (the U. P. and C. P.) and give up 6,000,000 acres of the land grant, at the rate of \$1.25 per acre, whereby the debt could be extinguished in 1905, or six years after the maturity of the bonds. The whole mother is deferred until next Saturday. Huntington in the meantime will go to New York, to further work up his companies interest. If the Senate will sustain Thurman and demand that the right of the government shall be maintained in this matter, this above corporations will pass over the ducats. The net profits of the C. P. and U. P. are perhaps \$12,000,000 annually. Why should they not pay their honest debts?

A Republican Senatorial Caucus was lately held in Washington. Senator Conkling aired his private griefs in the matter of appointments and was informed that he could not count upon absolutely owning the Senate of the United States. Removals for cause were requested, and the general sentiment favored intelligent action upon all appointments, and discredited any tacit opposition to the President.

The stock market has thrashed once more and the old excitement has arisen again in many breasts. A booming stock market is a good thing for Nevada, provided that our citizens do not try to keep it booming. Don't get excited just because some one else has been struck by lightning, it don't happen to each one who happens to be out in the storm.

Morton's will was admitted to probate Saturday. He leaves his entire estate to his wife, requesting that she assist his son in their education and otherwise, and makes various presents to relatives and friends. He requests Jesse P. Siddell to act as attorney, and appoints his wife as sole executrix, without bonds.

Conkling called ex-Senator Roberts "Little Roberts," and Roberts takes up a handful of mud from the slough of reminiscence and throws it at Roscoe. Roberts says that the Senator is a chronic growler. Such quarrels raise our ideas of the majesty and reverence which surrounds the modern statesmen.

Sitting Bull says he hates the Americans and loves the Queen. He won't fight her, but when his young men get into condition he proposes to come over and whip America. That Commission was what broke the camel's back.

Forty-eight persons in the service of Ex-Sultan Murad have been arrested for participation in the late conspiracy, against the Porte. Forty of these enterprising men were choked to death for fear of mistake, and the other eight will probably be tried.

Henry Gorham, a Utah Mormon, undertook to chastise his six wives with a horsewhip for disobedience. He had previously punished them singly many times, and had grown arrogant; but this time he had overrated his power. The six wives joined hands, or fists, and before Gorham escaped from them he was so badly scratched, bruised, and bitten that his recovery was for a time doubtful.

The bloodied negroes of Washington are organizing a new party upon the platform of "justice and recognition according to merit." The organization is called "The Invincibles." It should be a policy of the Government to discourage such organizations. Unity is strength even in an organization of doubtful utility. Government "strategy, my boy" should bear upon all such political associations as the above.

It is now hinted that the accident to a daughter of Senator Blaine was really an attempt at suicide owing to disappointed love. It makes no difference whether it is the daughter of a Senator or a Sioux chief; human nature is the same.

"Sagedom."

Carson has a dentoid club. The Eureka jail is without tenants. Winnemucca is letting out the labor of her prisoners to the highest bidder. Dennis Trainer was killed in the Mazepa mine at Pioche on Friday last.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers commences an engagement at National Guard Hall, Virginia, next week.

The Ward *Reflex* does not admire Governor Bradley as a candidate for Senator.

The Democratic papers of Nevada have all published correspondence favoring the nomination of J. C. Hagerman for Governor.

When a Virginia gentleman asks another to drink, he blandly says: "Shall we give the public debt a lift?" And they lift.

The Virginia *Chronicle* publishes a report that a horse has been encountered on the 1900 level of the Ophir. The *Chronicle* thinks the report is a bear movement.

The Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment in the case of Sam Miles, convicted of murder in Elko county, and directed the Court to fix a day for carrying its sentence into execution.

Miss Eaton, of North Arm, Indian Valley, was burned to death last Thursday. Her father came near losing his life in trying to save that of his daughter.

From the Eureka *Republican* we learn that the Eureka dance house has been in trouble as well as the Second street dive in our own town. Success to the trouble.

The Eureka *Sentinel* concludes a history of Sam Davis in this manner: "He is talented, genial and companionable, and the laziest man that ever wielded a Faber."

Rich developments have been made in the mines in Western Nye county. A mill has just been started at Ellsworth, and is now pounding away on ore worth \$300 per ton.

At each meeting of the Board of County Commissioners of Storey county, the District Attorney and the Board have their regular quarrel and Drake generally comes out second best.

The Carson *Tribune* says that C. S. Varian is prominently mentioned as a candidate for Congressman. The *Tribune* has no right to drag men before the public in this indiscriminate way. We do not believe that Mr. Varian ever thought of being a candidate.

A man by the name of McCormick was thrown from a loaded wagon near Hamilton on Thursday last. The wheels passed over his breast, inflicting injuries from which he died Saturday morning. Deceased was a partner of O. M. Converse and had a large band of sheep grazing in White Pine county.

Washoe farmers take notice.

The New York *Times* criticizes Conkling with bitter severity, describes him as a remarkable actor and only successful in studied efforts and when he can bring in play his truly wonderful histrioic ability and keen sense of stage effect. In his recent interview he shows himself in his natural light, and the obvious result is that he sinks to a lower level than he has heretofore occupied. Conkling has always assumed to be the most courteous of men, the pink of chivalry. Did he wish to attack an opponent on the floor of the Senate, he did so with a delicacy and polite consideration worthy of all commendation. Now he expresses his contempt for the chief minister of the nation in whose Senate he occupies a seat, by calling him "little Evans." Coming from what Conkling would term an average American citizen, such an expression could only be considered as an evidence of ill-breeding. When the Senator indulges his petty spite to such an extent, however, it is only natural to ask if the Secretary is to be called "little Evans," by what name shall we know Roscoe Conkling? Robert of Utica, is also spoken of as "little Robert," and "a bad without sin." The Senator makes no secret of his hostility to the national administration, and, with more frankness than he displayed at Rochester, sneers at Secretary Schurz and the four members of the Cabinet, who he says are not Republicans.

The Dayton Mining Company levies an assessment of 25 cents per share, aggregating \$25,000, and delinquent in the Board Tuesday, December 11th. This makes the ninth assessment, aggregating \$325,000, levied by this company.

The Moniteur publishes the following: "It is said that President MacMahon has declared that he had only given a sign and the Bonapartists would immediately furnish him with the elements necessary for forming a vigorous Ministry, but he did not intend to govern by that means. He would not become an accomplice to underhand intrigues. He meant to select a Minister from the constitutional groups. If this conciliatory attempt failed, he would resign. President MacMahon has not yet opened negotiations for the formation of a Cabinet, but has already selected the men whom he considers capable of fulfilling his programme."

MacMahon had better take the advice of the leading powers and pursue a conciliatory policy.

His Ministry have tendered their resignations, but the President will not accept them at present.

He will probably prorogue the Chamber of Deputies for a month but, in as much as the Senate requires

Desert Lands Again.

The Commissioner of the Land Office has mailed the following additional instructions to all land offices except Visalia.

"Referring to my letter of the second ultimo, suspending all entries under the Desert Land Act, and ordering a hearing to determine the character of the land, I now advise you, by direction of the Secretary of the Interior, dated the 29th ultimo, that such suspension is hereby remanded and the order for hearing revoked.

If, however, you have reason to believe in any case that fraud or imposition has been practiced in procuring an entry, and that the land is not of the character described in said Act, or upon proper allegation presented by other parties, you will procure such statements and dates as may be within your reach and report the same without delay to this office for such instructions as may seem advisable.

Hereafter you will take every precaution in your power to prevent fraudulent entries under said Act.

Every application for land thereunder must be accompanied by undoubted proof of the desert character of such land.

In case of doubt on your part as to the propriety of admitting an entry you will refer the matter to this office

with such reasons as you may be able to present and await further instructions."

This order places matters in *satus quo*, prior to the late order for suspension of all entries, and an investigation of those recently made.

Judge Harris, U. S. Land Commissioner at Carson and — Wright, connected with similar duties, came over to Reno and looked into the late purchases made by parties in this place. There is no danger of any flagrant violation of the Desert Land Law in Nevada.

ALFALFA.—The Tybo *Sun*, edited by W. B. Taylor, formerly of Elko, calls the attention of its readers to alfalfa raising on sage brush lands, claiming that it is not only one of the most prolific of the grasses cultivated but acknowledged to be the most nutritious and profitable, for either the market or for fattening stock, that is grown. Irrigation, says the *Sun*, is the one thing needful and where water can be had, alfalfa will grow and thrive, year after year, as no other grass will in Nevada, producing, not infrequently, three and four crops a season. In California large fields are cultivated for the raising and fattening of hogs, it having been demonstrated that pork produced from alfalfa is almost, if not quite, as good as that raised on grain, and then its great productiveness enables the farmer to keep a much larger number of hogs on hand than he otherwise could do if he depended for food upon the old sources of supply—the stubble field and the natural grasses. We believe to-day, that if a man with small means would sow three ten-acre fields with alfalfa, so that he could change his stock from one field to another as fed off, and devote his whole time and attention to the raising of pork for the mining camps of the country, that in the next ten years (a short time in a man's life) he would accumulate more real wealth than could be done with five times the capital invested in any other legitimate business. Here is a field of labor that calls only for a small investment, but promises well in fat returns.

EXTENSIVE FIRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Monday, shortly after noon, the North Point Bonded Warehouse, at San Francisco, was discovered to be on fire, and the alarm was immediately given. The firemen after quite a struggle, and the assistance of several steamers, succeeded in quenching the flames, but not until property to the amount of about \$300,000 had been destroyed. The property stored in the warehouse belonged mostly to wholesale merchants of San Francisco. M. Gray, the music dealer, had a consignment of pianos in the building, on which the insurance had expired eight days previous.

THE REFRIGERATOR SLAUGHTER HOUSE.—The refrigerator slaughter house now being built here for the purpose of preparing meats for shipment East and West, is being enclosed as rapidly as possible. In a few weeks the building will be arranged for the purpose for which it is designed, and regular shipments will be made to Chicago and probably New York. Then a Nevada visiting those cities can feast on juicy steaks from the Humboldt or Oregon cattle.

Silver State.

The Senate Judiciary Committee is to be favored with the views of Messrs. Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon and C. P. Huntington on the question of a sinking fund, by which to repay the money loaned the Pacific railroads by the government. A little shrewdness, this. Will the buttered side appear or desirable information be obtained?

One of the social stars of Paris is rebuked by a friend, who says sternly: "Cora, if I were you I should be afraid of having bad luck. The way you neglect your poor, old blind father is awful, and you so rich now." "Neglect him! Why, you are mistaken." "No I aint. Isn't he begging at a street corner not half a mile from here?" "Well, and every time I pass don't I give him a penny?"

Robert the elegant, has not been tendered the mission to Germany. He is modest of course, but says that he will take it if thrust upon him. Wonder if Conkling wouldn't do the same.

The Russians are gaining ground in Armenia. They claim a victory near Kars, and report that Plevna is completely inverted.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

That Challenge.

Elsewhere will be found a challenge of one James O'Donnell, to any baritone singer in the "outlines of Reno." Mr. O'Donnell entered this office late on Sunday evening with his novel challenge written out, and stated that although looking rough he was a lark on the high ones, and he wished to turn an honest penny by putting to rout any baritone of our county. We promised to assist in the laudable enterprise without money and without price. Accordingly we started out to find a man who could trill out and pirouette on the vocal ladder. Sol. Geller was not in town or we should have had a customer at once. Tom Hymers said that he was sorry opera was shut out, he would just give him a little bit of opera, but that he supposed most any man could get away with him on common ditties, besides he wanted to save his voice for the eastern trip. M. J. Smith said he'd a good notion to try O'Donnell a clatter, and, calling for a clove, cleared his throat out and began to practice. They fired Smith out and forbade him the house. If you never heard Smith sing "The Days of '49," it sounds like a devil's fiddle in distress. Beck and Higgins met Monday night to practice for the match, and the *Journal* reported it next morning under the head of "Row in Chinatown." We hope the match may be disposed of soon, as there are many good families which will move out of town unless these old baritones can be gagged or defeated.

DIED.—Again as in a dream do we behold the handiwork of death. We have gazed upon the lifeless form of our young friend, W. McBride. There is an awful stillness in the room and we go upon the street, but we have not for a moment half realized that he who was but a few days ago at his place of business is now dead. No; we cannot comprehend it. The life has fled, the spirit that once gave animation to the eye and tongue has gone, but these are external facts to us, and so resemble something revealed in a trance, that were we to meet him a few hours hence, our astonishment would not be as great as would be, did we inwardly and clearly know that the young man of 31 Summers was dead. Winchester McBride, was a native of Corydon, Ind. He had been in town but a few months, yet in this short time he had gained many good friends. Wednesday at 3 o'clock p.m., his body was laid away to rest, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The curtain falls and the light of a life has faded from view.

FAVORABLE SIGN.—A good sign of a feeling of permanency on the part of our citizens is manifested by the fact that many of them are digging wells in their yards and making many other lasting improvements; while many entirely new and substantial buildings are being erected—some of them by our leading business men, and others by new comers. And while we are speaking of well digging, we think that it is safe to assert that Reno can boast the purest and coldest well water of any town on the Pacific Coast, if not in the world; and this to be obtained at depths varying from eighteen feet, near the river, to forty feet at the foot of the hills, a distance of three-quarters of a mile at the narrowest part.

TAX COLLECTOR'S OFFICE.—County Treasurer B. B. Norton has concluded not to receive taxes at the Court House, but to continue his office at his butcher shop on Va. street. By so doing parties may come at any time during the day and pay their taxes. The location is also more central than that of the Court House. Taxes are now coming in very fast.

Fifty-six bars of bonanza bullion—40 from the California, valued at \$161,508.57; and 16 from the Con. Virginia, valued at \$59,575.07; also five other bars were shipped through here to S. F. Tuesday. This was the first shipment of Con. Virginia and the second of California bullion on the November count.

A Chinaman was shot in the leg at noon Sunday. Four shots fired, one heathen arrested.

John Morrissey was reported dead, but is now better.

Jottings.

Rain and shine, icicles and perspiration. What sort of weather is this?

J. W. Maddrill, of the *Journal*, is a happy parent.

A servant girl can find employment by applying at this office.

West Grand Prize Mining Co. levies an assessment of 10 cents per share.

A. J. Pinkston of the *Record-Union* and R. B. Phillips, of the *S. F. Chronicle*, were in town Tuesday.

And now, says Mrs. Juddles, they've found a horse in the Ophir. Ain't it a wonder the blasts didn't hurt him?

Mat. Davis and Dan Dennis are in Virginia with Tom Morgan and Muggins.

Amos Alt has started a new saloon at Cookes' well, Virginia street.

The party who have been engaged in surveying the direct route to Virginia have arrived in town.

Messages remain uncalled for at the W. U. office for Sig. Giovanni Pedroncelli, W. W. Morton and John Leyo.

Mr. Richard Smith is confined to his bed by serious illness. We trust that Wells Fargo & Co.'s agent may soon be upon the streets again.

The wife of Dr. T. J. Johnson, arrived a few mornings since from Maryland, whereat the Dr. doth rejoice, and his many friends in Reno give welcome to his excellent lady.

J. P. Foulks was in town Wednesday. He is interested in a wood drive from Verdi. Jack does not like the restraining of the waters of the noble Truckee by sundry dams. He says the river is above 114 feet higher at night than during the day.

Richard Powell, the milkman who resides near the C. P. round house, has found two lead plumb, which evidently belong to the tripod of a surveyor's transit. The loser can obtain his property upon application at the above gentleman's residence.

Mr. Haist and party have just completed the survey of the projected direct railroad between Virginia city and this point. Tuesday the men, nine in number, were partly paid off. The field notes will be written up and the plot of the survey made within the next week. More anon.

Professor Holmes arrived from the eastern part of the State Wednesday. The Professor proposes at an early date to favor our citizens with a lecture on the subject of phrenology. We have seen very flattering notices of his ability as a public lecturer and would be pleased to hear him lecture on his travels in Asia Minor and Persia.

CHALLENGE.—We have received the following communication, which explains itself:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING GAZETTE.—Sir: I have the honor most respectfully to request that you place in the columns of your valuable paper the following, that I, James O'Donnell, do hereby challenge any baritone singer in Reno or its outlines, for the championship of Nevada. This challenge does not include opera. The contest to come off at the theatre next Saturday evening.

A young man played with the tail of a mule. From a bed of anguish he asked his father, between the applications of arnica, if when he recovered he would be as handsome as he was before the accident, his personal comeliness being a matter of pride. "No," replied the old gentleman, "you will not be as pretty as you were, but you will have a—sight more sense."

The wife of a retired butcher sent her daughter to a fashionable boarding school. On calling to see her the other day, she was astonished to learn that the girl made very little progress. "Yes, yes, said the mother, 'I see how it is; she's always at the bottom of the class. If you were to put her at the top, now, it would give the girl a little more spirit.'

W. R. PHILLIPS.—The preliminary examination of the case of the State vs. W. R. Phillips was concluded late Tuesday afternoon in the Justice Court. The defendant was held to appear before the next Grand Jury, which will not be empaneled until the Jan. term of the District Court.

The Asiatic Turks have resolved to hold out, and now it is in order for the Russians to trot out their destructive missile.

Senator Morton leaves his entire estate to his wife requesting her to assist his sons in obtaining an education.

Budd Doble is on his way to California with his family and some equines.

To-day's Stock Report.

From the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Co.

MORNING BOARD.

Wednesday, November 14th.

2282 Ophir, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ 26 $\frac{1}{2}$

1165 Mexican, 12 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$

590 G & C, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

440 B & B, 18 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$

210 California, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$

380 Savage, 9 9 $\frac{1}{2}$

315 Con. Virginia, 23 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ 23 $\frac{1}{2}$

130 Chollar, 33

1240 H & N, 8 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

2149 Crown Point, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6

1085 Jacket, 10 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$

500 Imperial, 80 95

560 Alpha, 12 11 $\frac{1}{2}$

645 Kentuck, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

780 Belcher, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

1560 S Nevada, 5 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$

250 Succor, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

295 Utah, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13

500 Daney, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$

710 Bullion, 7

605 Exchequer, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5

1045 Union, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$

1230 Overman, 21 20 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$

1175 Alta, 14 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$

1463 Julia, 5 6 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 6 $\frac{1}{2}$

1675 Caledonia, 4 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 7 0

4 3 5

50 Baltimore, 2

110 Challengers, 1

100 Dayton, 35c 40c

1580 S Hill, 3 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 7 0

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Wednesday, November 14th.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

Jas H Sauer, Quicksilver Mine; H Bnold, Carson; A J Barnes, Pyramid; J R Vittington, White River; Jas Farrell, Winnemucca; P C Rand, Canyon City; W Clark, Sacramento; P Lebard, City; Sam Williams, Truckee; D A Fraser, Tom Mullin, P Mealey, P Doyle, San Francisco; F Gipson, Fred Howard, Eureka.

WESTERN HOTEL.

H E Sherman, F Salarar, Silver City; O Anderson, Jacob Nelson, Con McCarty, Reno; J H Byrnes, Truckee; G Connor, Gold Hill.

GRANGER HOUSE.

P Peterson, R Collins, Reno; R Quinn, S Smith, Sacramento; M Carroll, Chico; P Perkins, R Collin, Virginia.

POLLARD HOUSE.

J Higgins, J Black, Virginia; John Pollock, Truckee; Luke Mooney, Boca; Thos Downing, Empire; Wm Maynard, Glenbrook; J H Richard son, California.

DEPOT HOTEL.

Samuel Hubbard, F L Vandenburg, W O Green, Ed Moulton, Cedarwood, R B Phillips, San Francisco; I Isaacs, City; M Fraser, Oakland; E Howell, New York; L Rocheberg, Chicago; Prof Holmes, Salt Lake.

BEADSTEADS, CRIBS AND LOUNGES.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

SCREEN DOORS & WIRE CLOTH.

CHEAP WOOD.

PINE Wood sawed into stove lengths and delivered for \$7.00 per cord.

cedar wood, \$8.00 per cord.

All kinds sawed and delivered. Wood sawed in any part of Reno in lots not less than 10 cords for one dollar per cord.

Special attention given to

FANCY STYLES OF DOORS.

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BRONCO WOOD YARD.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING BEEN

engaged in the Wood Business for years,

represents that he has improved and perfected

his facilities for cutting and transporting

large quantities of wood to his

YARD AT BRONCO.

WOOD of Every Size & Quality,

Offered to Consumers

AT THE LOWEST RATES BY THE

CAR LOAD.

Address: A. M. WICKES,

10-611 Bronco, California.

TO BUILDERS.

G. A. BRAGG & CO.

HAVE MADE ESPECIAL ARRANGE-

MENTS IN THE INTEREST OF THEIR PATRONS

AND ALL PERSONS DESIRING TO

BUILD.

They therefore offer their large stock of

timber at the lowest rates.

Common Lumber, Sierra Valley

Surger Pine, Red Wood, Or-

egon Pine, Shingles,

Laths, Fire Wood,

Doors, Windows, Sash, Etc.

AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

Lumber Furnished by the Car

Load at Mill Prices.

Our prices are made in the interests of

consumers. Call and examine them.

C. A. BRAGG & CO.

Reno, Sept. 11, 1877-16

EXTREMELY OLD WINE.—A Frenchman named Berthelot recently opened a flask of wine more than 1,600 years old

Editorial and Local Matters.

—Communicated.
the Railroad Companies vs.
the Government.

It is a notorious fact that the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroad companies have utterly failed to comply with all or any of the conditions of their respective grants. The wealth of an empire has been poured into their greedy laps, without one single mark of grateful recognition in return. More than this, these same companies not content with oppressing and impoverishing the people in every way that a malignant ingenuity could devise, have coolly turned upon the government which gave life to their respective enterprises, and refused to pay the interest on the bonds issued to raise the money necessary to build and equip the roads. The enormous sum of ninety-three millions of dollars in gold is the amount of indebtedness of these corporations, for which the Government is primarily liable. The companies having taken no steps to provide for the payment of the interest on this sum, nor a sinking fund for the redemption of the principal. Senator Thurman, of Ohio, has prepared a bill which is now pending before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. The bill provides for payment into the U. S. Treasury each year twenty-five per centum of the net earnings of each road, to be applied, first, in payment of the interest due from the companies and, second, towards a sinking fund for the final payment of the bonds. It is also provided that, in the event of the remaining seventy-five per cent. of the net earnings being insufficient to pay the operating expenses and the interest and indebtedness due to the creditors of the roads, other than the Government, such fact being made to appear, the Secretary of the Treasury may remit such portion of the twenty-five per cent. required to be paid into the Treasury, and permit the same to be applied to the satisfaction of other demands, nothing could be fairer than this bill, which would fill the heart of an honest debtor with gratitude for the unusual privileges accorded. Naturally, however, these corporations do not view any proposition looking to a return by them of the millions wrung from a tax burdened people, in a favorable light. So they are massing their forces at Washington to defeat this just and wise measure, and to that end have made a proposition, one which I commend to the people as one of the most magnificent illustrations of cheek and audacity the nineteenth century has afforded—"two millions in cash and six millions in land" say these companies to the Government, "we will pay in to the people's treasury in satisfaction of our dues. The interest on this amount will, in the course of time, pay our indebtedness." In aid of this scheme the Hon. Stephen Gage, a director of one of the Central Pacific lines, has arrived in this State with petitions cunningly drafted by the railroad lawyers, praying Congress to take back from the Company all the unsold lands at \$2.50 per acre. Mr. Gage intends going through the State to obtain signers to these petitions. The *Enterprise*, as usual, has fallen into line, and is now advocating the scheme. Want of space precludes me from discussing the question fully, but I call attention to one of the many arguments in answer to the corporation and its agent: The lands to be returned to the Government is the refuse of the grant, the company having sold the choicest sections at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$25 per acre. The proposal of the company, if accepted by Congress, will throw millions of acres of almost worthless land upon the Government, relieving the company of its liability to pay taxes to our State on the same. The writer proposes to pursue this subject further at his leisure, but in the meantime asks the people whether the discrimination which has ever marked the policy of this Railroad Company towards our people is evidence of the good will it bears them. X.

ANOTHER SUICIDE—THE USUAL WOMAN.—On the 12th, at San Juan (San Benito Co.) W. T. R. Holm, the Principal of the school there after dismissing the scholars shot himself, the ball entering below the heart. He is still alive but cannot recover. Before committing the act, he wrote on the blackboard a short farewell to his friends concluding with "Mary, this solves the problem." The Mary he refers to is a young lady of Watsonville with whom he had spent Sunday.

There is talk in Boston of trading off the Bunker Hill monument for an Egyptian obelisk.

In Paris when they want to say a woman is charmingly plump, they observe that her corsets are well filled.

Our Senator.

A New York paper says under the head of "An Absentee Senator."

It is said that several urgent dispatches have lately been sent to Mr. Sharon, of Nevada, asking him to return to Washington to take his seat in the Senate Chamber. The protracted illness of Senator Morton and the absence of one or two others have reduced the working majority of the Republicans to a narrow limit. Already the Democrats have made their calculations on the expected demise of Mr. Morton, when they expect that the appointment of that eminent demagogue and mischief-maker D. W. Voorhees, will press the Republican majority still more closely. In any event, the death of Morton would give the Democrats one more Senator by the appointment which would thus be thrown into the hands of Governor Williams of Indiana. One would suppose that every Senator who owes the slightest allegiance to his party would be in his place when such a disaster was impending. It is difficult to understand what sort of a politician he can be who abandons his seat at a crisis like the present; but there are higher reasons why a Congressman, in whichever branch of Congress he may hold a seat, should attend to the duties of his place; he owes something to his political associates. But he has been elected to discharge a public duty; he has assumed that obligation with a solemn oath. If party calls are nothing to him a sense of honor ought to deter him from throwing his own private pleasure or business, to the neglect of legislative duties. No man has a right to accept an office unless he intends to fill it to the best of his natural abilities. He represents a great constituency, and when he fails to represent it fully should have decency enough to resign.

NEW PAPER.—R. S. Lawrence will shortly commence the publication at Virginia City of a weekly journal to be called the *Sunday Bullion*. It will be devoted to the resources of the State, and to news, social gossip, art, the stage, sporting and general intelligence. Lawrence will no doubt succeed in his new enterprise and never be wanting through the week the "amalgam" for *Sunday Bullion*.

A fire broke out in a five-story building on Fourth street, St. Louis, at midnight Tuesday, and destroyed the large hat and fur store of M. J. Steinburg, in which there was said to be a \$76,000 stock. A restaurant in the rear of the hat store was also destroyed, on which there was insurance policy for \$8,000. Steinburg's insurance could not be ascertained. The upper floors were occupied by the St. Louis Bank Note Co., lawyers, officers and lodging rooms, and the building cost about \$60,000. The amount of insurance is not known.

THE FARMER.—Ex-Senator Chandler recently addressed a collection of his neighbors on his farm in Michigan, and in the course of his remarks said: "If I had a boy to-day I would rather put him on an eighty acre lot that had never had a plough or an axe upon it, than place him in the best Government office in the land." Conkling and Seymour gave utterance to similar expressions at a small fair in the State of New York. But what young man would toss aside political preferment with its vicissitudes and excitement for the at least equally honorable pursuit of the farmer with his ease of mind and conscience and consequent contentment in his performance of labors necessary to the successful maintenance of government. Young men do not believe this, and say "it is all very well, but it sounds like grandmas' advice."

UNION PACIFIC.—Senator Chaffee thus closed his speech in Congress Tuesday, on his resolution submitted last week, in regard to the management of the Union Pacific railroad: Stripping the question of all sophistry, the plain, unvarnished facts were that the Union Pacific Company accounts show a clear profit of sixty-three million dollars in stock and junior bonds, over and above the cost of the road, and the cost of the road was paid for by the United States and the first mortgage bonds. Besides this the company had made a profit of twenty-three million dollars as builders of the road, having successfully violated the law and defied the government so far. The company proposed to continue to do the same and monopolize the through traffic of this entire continent.

There is talk in Boston of trading off the Bunker Hill monument for an Egyptian obelisk.

In Paris when they want to say a woman is charmingly plump, they observe that her corsets are well filled.

Attempt to Defraud the Government.

Copies of the petition to Congress relative to the disposal of the railroad lands are being circulated in Virginia and Gold Hill, and are receiving the signatures of the principal business men, as well as everybody interested in the matter. To the people of Nevada this is a matter of considerable importance. Those alternate sections of land along the line of the Central Pacific railroad should come under one ownership, either the railroad company or the Government, and in that case it is by all means preferable that the Government should be the sole owner. The railroad company offer to sell at least than Government rates, the proceeds to be applied toward the payment of its indebtedness to the government. The rate can be agreed upon by Congress, or a commission appointed for the purpose, and the title reverted or recovered to government, putting these valuable lands where they should belong on a par with the rest of the Government lands. This is greatly to the advantage of the agricultural and general interests of this State, and the petition should be fully signed by everybody.—*Gold Hill News*.

We entirely disagree with the view taken by the editor of the *Gold Hill News*. Why should the government or the railroad own singly the lands along the line of the C. P. R. R.? By a parity of reasoning, small land owners or the government should own all the lands of the United States. This railroad company offer to sell their refuse lands to the government for \$1.25 per acre, when similar lands are now offered in the market by the government for twenty-five cents per acre. Further, the State and government receives a tax upon these railroad lands now, and no tax would be derived therefrom were said lands the property of the government.

THAT PETITION.—The petition for the purpose of securing an appropriation for the erection of United States buildings in this State, to which reference was made a few days since, has been signed by the executive, judicial and other officers of the State and will be circulated for the signatures of the principal business men of the county.—*Carson Tribune*.

And still Carson wants government papa. Why not ask Uncle Samuel for an appropriation for the residents at the State Capital? We have forgotten what government buildings are required at Carson, other than those already there.

Mrs. Bella Lynch, the lady who gets tickled occasionally for publishing the *Ukiah Dispatch* announces that she would rather marry a monkey than the editor of the *Ukiah Democrat*. This little wisp of impudent journalistic femininity, would lead steady old Alexander Montgomery a merry string. But if they should consolidate—our pencil has broken.

Osmann Pasha's losses are estimated at from 200 to 300 men daily from the concentrated fire of the Russian artillery. Osmann Pasha is busily constructing fresh fortifications, which seem to point to his holding out as long as possible rather than attempting a sortie. Prisoners and deserters state that the Turks have six weeks' provisions.

A strike is reported in the 2000-foot level of the Crown Point mine and the miners in the east drift have been shut down in the mine. We presume that a rise in Crown Point will now be in order. The stock ridden country would hail a strike along the entire ledge.

One Hines Wednesday in Virginia city made a brutal assault upon his wife with a loaded pistol. The Virginia Chronicle inquires where is the wife's whipping post. It were better to ask, where is a high lamp post and a good rope.

In all the Catholic churches in San Francisco, Sunday, a letter from Archbishop Alemany was read, condemning the seductive course of Kearney and his followers, and bidding all Catholics to hold aloof from the movement.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has agreed to recommend the passage of a bill providing for American representation at the Paris Exposition. The bill now agreed upon proposes for the total appropriation about \$160,000.

Bland's Silver Bill now in the hands of the Senate Finance Committee, will receive an amendment by that Committee. Thus a good bill is delayed and perhaps virtually killed.

Oil Depot.

Location—Conveniences—Classes of Oil Kept, Etc., Etc.

By invitation of Mr. W. T. Kirkpatrick, the gentlemanly resident agent of the Continental Oil and Transportation Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, we visited the oil depot of this Company. Their Nevada depot is located in the western part of Reno, near the main track of the C. P. R. R. and adjacent to Bragg & Co's lumber yard. A side track from the C. P. accommodates Messrs. Bragg & Co. and the Continental Oil & Transportation Co. The main building of the Company is 20x40 and the office is in the front part of the building. In the oil rooms we found a number of cases of burning oil and a large number of barrels of lubricating or machine oil. Underground, two large sheet iron oil tanks have been put in position. Each tank will hold 2,500 gallons of coal oil, and are provided with pipes running underground to the railroad track, and so placed that connection can readily be made with oil cars which may be left on the side track to unload. The oil tanks are connected with each other by pipe so that in case a large supply of oil of one kind is on hand both may be readily filled with the same test of oil. Two other tanks of the capacity of 2,500 gallons will be placed in position in a few weeks. Conveniences are provided for the rapid filling of oil cans and barrels directly from the tanks. The oil kept here will come directly from the Company's oil works, at Cleveland, Ohio, and will be ready for the market. The Co. will not refine any oil here. This point is simply a branch oil depot for this State. The oil which they will keep will be coal oil in its various states. The stock of burning oil will be from 110 to 300, fire test. Fire test refers to its illuminating qualities. Devoe's coal oil is 110 fire test. The higher the test the safer is the oil and the greater its illuminating power. The crude oil is used as machine oil, and is a dark, heavy oil. This is kept in 50-gallon barrels. This oil has passed through the first refining from the crude oil as gathered from the oil mine. Our merchants, by the establishment of an oil depot here, can buy such a quantity of oil as they may choose, thus saving freightage between here and San Francisco, and further, by their direct purchase from the refinery, will be able to sell illuminating and machine oil to their customers at less rates than heretofore. The mining men of Virginia can also save much freightage by buying oil from the company at this place. The company will keep constantly on hand 8,000 to 10,000 gallons of oil, and if the market demands a larger stock, it will be supplied. Reno is a central location for an oil depot. The company readily perceived this fact and have not been slow to take advantage of it. You are welcome gentlemen.

A dispatch from Rio Janeiro states that the Argenta torpedo ship Fulminante exploded in the harbor of Buenos Ayres, killing eleven persons.

A number of Spaniards, armed with rifles, have crossed the Pyrenees and entered Spain. A rising is expected.

The latest advices say the Wisconsin Republican majority is not less than 8,000 and the Minnesota majority over 17,000.

Next week there will be about \$30,000 in the Railroad Bond Redemption Fund of Storey county. Bonds to that amount will be redeemed.

S. P. Scaniker, attorney for Virginia city, has been arrested for interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty.

The anti Resumption Bill was warmly debated in Congress yesterday. Ten dollar greenbacks were even brought into requisition.

Jim Keene has become a permanent citizen of New York.

Ex-Judge Cox of Virginia city, is reported a defaulter to the amount of \$300.

Those anxious for the death of the Pope are for the present doomed to disappointment.

The assessments upon Storey county mines delinquent in November aggregate \$946,000.

Nuisance Abated.

Second Street Dance House Permanently Closed—Mollie Forsha Left Town—Chinese Bombs Victorious—Order at a Premium.

Wednesday night peace and good order prevailed on Second street. The change was a happy relief from the usual disgraceful proceedings which have been of nightly occurrence in and around the dance house. That night the den opened, but the musicians refused to play and the boss closed for the night. We learn that she will not open the brothel any more. In this shows good sense. A large number of men, we understand, were ready to renew the bombardment, had the house been opened to the public. On Monday night Chinese bombs and cayenne pepper were freely used.

Tuesday night the attack was renewed with increased vigor. Bomb after bomb was hurled into the infamous den, until the boss and those who stood by her closed the dive. Then Mollie Forsha's quarters were bombarded. Bombs were thrown into the room through the open door and afterwards through the windows. We understand that she received a notification to leave, or else fare worse. The officers could do nothing with the crowd. Over a hundred men were assembled near the hurdy house, and kept up an almost constant bombardment. We learn that Smith Hill, the lessor of the hurdy den, threatened to shoot anyone who sought thus to injure his property, or disturb the tenants in their occupancy of said dive. Very fortunately for him, he made no attempt to carry out the reported threat. We do not wish to encourage lawlessness, but such infamous hell-dives should not be tolerated on our principal streets.

If Hill cannot learn a lesson from his outraged fellow citizens he may be treated to a coat of tar and feathers. This hurdy house and a few other dens are frequently the scene of appalling vulgarity and public exposure of the person of women. Those debased creatures, when under the influence of liquor, come out on the sidewalks and even on the streets half nude, and use in loud tones the vilest language tongue can utter. If ladies have occasion to pass along Second street, between Virginia and Center streets, they are subject at any time after dark to the grossest insults, or at least to hear that which would even shock, when sober, those who in liquor use this vile talk. No wonder respectable men will not endure this crying evil any longer. Of course many hoodlums will assist in the crude but often most effective way of aborting a nuisance. It is fun to them to throw Chinese bombs into a hurdy brothel or do what is against the law. Due caution should of course be observed.

We learn that Mollie Forsha started this morning for Bodie. The dance house on Virginia street has no more dancing, and the one on Second street has closed. Let such a status of affairs continue.

LYCEUM.—On Tuesday evening the Reno Congressional Lyceum met at the District Court room, for the purpose of completing its organization and the entering upon the business properly to come before this body.

H. H. Beck, was elected speaker; C. S. Varian, Speaker, pro tem; R. Johnson, Chief Clerk; C. L. Queen, Assistant Clerk; J. B. Williams, Enrolling Clerk; A. J. Hatch, Journal Clerk; A. K. Lamb, Sergeant-at-Arms; N. Hammond and H. L. Beck, pages. The Speaker did the usual in assuming the duties of his position. The following committee on ways and means was appointed by the speaker, A. J. Hatch, S. F. Hoole, J. B. Williams, L. L. Crockett and J. L. Cookes.

This body now numbers over thirty members, and promises to prove a club wherein much instructive profit and amusement may be furnished its members.

RAILROAD.—There is considerable comment in Virginia for and against the proposed new railroad. Everybody wants to know when, how and by whom, but very few having decided opinions. These, however, look exceedingly wise and promise to unfold a tale at an early day, which shall be short and to the point. A new corps of surveyors is now in the field.

What kind of Lieutenant-Governor would a chap make who nips all of his weighty political leaders from Eastern exchanges?—*Eureka Sentinel*. Ask an easy one, Cassidy.

The Race at Virginia.

Quite a respectable number of those who dote upon the speedy equine assembled at Tom Bean's track, two miles from Virginia City, Wednesday to witness the trot between "Thomas Morgan, or the blacksmith's dream," Stewart and Muggins. The track is circular and one-half mile in length, which fact accounts for the slow time and the bad behavior of Muggins. Before the race Muggins was a slight favorite, but the beauty of Tom Morgan won to him many warm admirers, and he shared the \$5 honors with Muggins. The opinion was quite prevalent that Morgan was not in fix and many knowing ones had confidence that Lake's horse would escape with the bullion. The Judges were Messrs. Babcock, Dean, Lamb and J. P. Smith. For the first heat the horses got a fine start, and betting was quite lively on the heat. The Canary Bird, however, which was prepped by Dennison, drew away from the others after the first half, and came in asleep in 2:46. Morgan was now a good favorite, in consequence of Muggins' friends having suffered a relapse, and the next heat was a proof of his virtues, for although Stewart contested the heat gamely, Dennison controlled the beauty and landed him in a masterly manner in 2:41. There was now no contest over the pool box; everyone recognizing the fact that Thomas de Morgan was the owner of that purse. This opinion received a check when Stewart came in and won the third heat; but it speedily strengthened and determined the odds as before. Tom won the last heat and raced in 2:43, without giving himself any anxiety, and everybody said it was a square trot. Muggins was a very bad third, and his friends could assign no reason for his bad behavior. Common consent awarded him the advantage over Morgan the morning of the race. Morgan however, was very clever with his feet and could probably have done much better had he been informed of such a necessity. Mat Davis drove Muggins and Tom Dean sat just behind John Stewart, while Daniel Dennison, the genial propeller or "cross lifter," steered the Blacksmith's Dream.

After the trot Grey Tom and Flora came to the score for half mile heats. Flora, the favorite, flew the track each heat and broke for Sutro. Grey Tom was, therefore, forced to win the race.

BIBLE AGENT.—Rev. J. Thompson, and old friend of ours from Oakland, marched into our sanctum this afternoon and thus delivered himself: I will be in your city about a week, and will call upon your citizens in the interests of the American Bible Society. It is my object to supply the people of Reno, who have no Bible or Testament, with this most desirable book. We will also state that Rev. Thompson will preach Sunday morning at the Congregational Church, and in the evening at the Baptist Church. Monday evening there will be a Union Bible Meeting at the Methodist Church.

Business is increasing up at the V. & T. R. R. We dropped into the supply department yesterday and learned that the force had been increased in all the departments and that work was going on swimmingly.—*Carson Appeal*.

E. A. Schultz, Sup't. of the Justice of the Peace, was fined \$100 Wednesday and sentenced to twenty-four hours in the city prison, for contempt of court. Schultz was taken to prison.

L. Cass Carpenter, on trial for forgery, at Columbia S. C., has been found guilty. Counsel gave notice for a new trial.

Germany and Italy have paid the balance of their subsidies to the St. Gotthard tunnel, respectively 4,600,000 and 2,700,000 francs.

BORN.

In Verdi, Nov. 16, to the wife of J. P. Fouke a son—a ten-pounder.

MARRIED.

In Reno, Nov. 11th, by Rev. W. Lucas, J. M. Coleman to Mrs. S. C. Branham. Accompanying the above notice came the sparkling champagne and the golden cake. We remembered them while partaking of these tokens of courtesy; but much more do we wish them a long and happy life.

DIED.

In Reno, November 12th, 1877, Winchester McBride—aged 31 years.

ARIZONA.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]
TUCSON, November 7, 1877.

EDITORS GAZETTE.—In my last letter I told you something about Tucson and the county of Pima. In this desire to take you north about eight miles and drop you in the town of Florence, the county seat of Pinal Co., and afterward whirl you eastward, through the strange country east of that place, as far as the boundary of the Territory, on the New Mexican line.

Florence is now a town of between 1,500 and 2,000 inhabitants, who have all come there within the past three years, and built from a mere crossroads as thriving, prosperous and pretty a town as can be found in Arizona. It is right in the valley of the Gila river, in the midst of a fine agricultural country, where the soil is as rich as that of the valley of the Nile, and where, in anything like ordinary seasons, there is abundant water to irrigate two good crops each year. The Gila valley, along near Florence, and eastward therefrom, has been settled up with wonderful rapidity. Where a few years ago there was nothing more than a stage station once in twenty miles, there is now a continuous line of farms, upon which now yearly produce large quantities of grain, vegetables and fruit. In a few years, no doubt, cotton will bloom in its fleecy beauty along the Gila, save where the fragrant plant that gives the "weed" so much enjoyed by its devotees, makes the land smile with its pleasant verdure. The town itself is well laid out on a mesa on the south bank of the river, with channels of water, aqueducts, along the edges of the streets, which are lined by stately cottonwoods. There are several large stores and doctors, lawyers, saloonkeepers, etc., in the usual proportion vouchsafed to frontier towns. The Citizen newspaper, which for seven years has been the principal and best paper of Arizona, has lately been purchased from its proprietor in Tucson and moved to Florence, where it will be under the control of M. J. P. Clunn.

Although prosperous and lively now, Florence is par excellence a town of prospects. It was thought for a long time that the Southern Pacific Railroad, on its way through Arizona, would follow the course of the Gila river across the Territory, much as does the Central Pacific follow your Truckee and Humboldt, and that this was certain to make a great inland town just at Florence. Later advices, however, establish the fact that the company by no means intend to follow the river just because railroads usually do so, but does intend to build by the shortest, most natural and in every sense best road, viz., that leaving the Gila at Maricopa Wells and thence following the course of the Santa Cruz river southeasterly through Tucson, and thence again onward to the east as is laid down on most maps of Arizona as the course of the Texas Pacific Railroad. This will undoubtedly make Tucson a great inland town, which is just what its resources and position would seem to necessitate, and make Florence be content with a branch line about twenty miles long. That town need not care much, anyhow, as lying back of and tributary to it is found one of the most remarkable mineral districts ever known, and which when more developed will cause the wonder of the Nevada silver mines to grow into insignificance. Mark my word for it, within the next two years the question of what to do with all the silver, and copper as well, will be made prominent beyond itself by the production of the Pioneer and Globe districts in Pinal county, Arizona.

One fine morning—all mornings in southern Arizona are fine—four poor prospectors who had lived in this section so long that they must have been made up entirely of bacon, beans and mescal, got tired of staying about town and went to the mountain in search of wealth, and I should say, speaking in the scientific dialect of a miner, "they rather struck it." In the course of their wanderings they came upon a mountain of silver, located it, and gave it the most appropriate of names, "The Silver King." This mine from the beginning was a marvel. The rock from the surface down had paid thousand of dollars to the ton, and keeps on doing so and is likely to continue for God only knows how long. The four finders are now all out of it and retired with ample

means; and "The Silver King" is owned exclusively by Col. Barney of Yuma, who is, they say, clearing something over \$1000 a day, with a small mill and four concentrators. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars a year, and in leap year sixty-six, is a very pleasant income and a good interest on the seven hundred thousand dollars the mine cost its poor proprietor. If this thing keeps on and new machinery is put up, your "bonanza kings" will be, comparatively speaking, poor men. Of course as soon as the King was found the country for miles around was almost immediately located by incipient millionaires, and a large number of other fine and paying mines have been opened in the vicinity, which is now known as the Pioneer Mining District, and is distant about fifty miles north east of Florence.

The Silver King discovery opened up the richest deposit of mineral then known, but in Arizona there is no such thing as a *plus ultra* in mines, and won't be probably until some lucky wight finds a spot where he can hand out gold already coined and stamped directly from the bosom of mother earth. East of the Silver King there was a range of mountains distinctly to be seen that appeared likely, but they belonged to the Apache Indians, they being in the San Carlos reservation. Prospectors, however, have no ideas of titles in the hands of Government or Indians and so went over to the mountains about Pinal Creek and found any quantity of mineral indications. Meetings were held, petitions framed, forwarded to Washington and a slice cut off the western part of the reservation large enough to form the Globe mining district, and in this district have been found mines that make the riches of "Araby, the blest and farther India" pale and even the Silver King itself fall back to a second place. I am almost afraid to put on paper, to be laid before men the least versed of any in the world in mining matters, some of the results obtained in the Globe district. Relying, however, upon your promise not to let my name or personality become known, and also giving Fred Hart to understand that what I say is strictly true, I am in no way desirous of taking his place in the presidential chair of the Sazarac Lying Club out in Austin, I will tell you what has been done in one mine in this district: The Stonewall Jackson mine was located by two prospectors named McMillan and Harris. After going down a few feet they bonded the mine to some parties in California for the sum of \$125,000 and kept on sinking themselves. They sunk a shaft seventy-five feet deep and got \$80,000 when the bonders paid the sum agreed upon and got possession. In the mine there is a large vein of low grade ore, well developed, but as yet this is not thought of at all, for running along the foot-wall is a streak, which has increased in width from one inch to between six and seven as the shaft has been sunk, containing an ore which is about seventy-five per cent. silver and from this streak comes the money. Its present owners, working but three or four men, in one month dug out \$100,000, and say they have \$1,000,000 more in sight. The mining is unlike that anywhere else in the world, I suppose, for the following is the process: A miner goes down into the shaft with a pick and an ax and breaks off pieces of the streak which he thinks will weigh about two hundred and fifty pounds, (a good load for one side of a mule), and then deliberately chops off with his ax some of the corners and sends it above. Here another man takes it, sits down on it and further chops it up so as to have of convenient shape for packing, puts it on a mule and sends it off for shipment to San Francisco. They hardly mine that way on the Comstock, do they? Tons of ore, which has been obtained entirely by labor of this kind, have been shipped to San Francisco and sold there for from \$12,000 to \$20,000 per ton. This remarkable streak runs along the ledge for miles, but nowhere has been worked to such an extent as in the Stonewall Jackson claim. When the whole ledge is turned out rock that is nearly pure silver, then the question of what to do with the silver will be one of importance.

Directly east and northeast of the Globe District is the San Carlos Indian Reservation, covering a large section of country. As this is one of the great Indian Reservations of the nation, and as upon its proper management depends the prosperity and

development of Arizona, a few words about it may not be out of place. On this reservation are now all the Apache Indians except those employed as scouts, and some thirty renegades who are hostile. Five thousand of the Indians in the United States are here kept quiet without the aid of a single member of the army. Some four years ago there were five different agencies for the Apaches, but the success achieved at San Carlos by Mr. Clunn, now editor of the Florence paper, made the government determine to have him in control of all the various tribes. To accomplish this purpose, he, in the face of a determined and fierce opposition from army officials, successfully and without a single mishap, led four different bands from their homes and stamping grounds over hundreds of miles of country, and placed them safely within the bounds of the reservation.

Here he maintained perfect order by a policy of his own. He enlisted about fifty Indians as police, and made these understand that upon their good behavior and energy depended the peace of the reserve. Many little quarrels and difficulties have arisen among Indians, as would naturally among five thousand people of any kind; but no body of peace keepers ever attended more faithfully and promptly to their duties than do these fifty San Carlos police. As a consequence peace, prosperity and advancement resulted, and the fierce Apache Indian is fast becoming an honest Granger or stockman. Everyone acknowledged that the Indians were well managed, that the agent was in every way the exact man for his place; but do you think his life was one of ease and comfort? There he lived among five thousand savages who might any day see fit to kill him; was under heavy bonds, as between four and five hundred thousand dollars were annually expended for rations and clothing for the Indians; lived on a salary of \$1,500 a year (what an extravagant salary government does pay—economy should come in just such pay as this); and was, worst of all, the centre of the fight by the War Department to get control of the Indians. Insults, reflections, calumnia of all kinds, came from every quarter upon this live agent; but he was a fighting man, and struck back harder than he was hit. After striving in every way to get rid of him, at the end of nearly three years of useless warfare he was, indeed, succeeded in getting an order issued to have an officer stationed at the agency, nominally to inspect the issuance of rations and serve as a check. Mr. Clunn did not look at it in that light, however, but thought of spies and false reports, etc., and feeling much as must a man who is a ticket collector on a city horse-car, when all sorts of devices are being gotten up to prevent nipping, like the true, upright and fearless man he is, resigned in disgust, at the same time telling a reform administration in rather vigorous terms how nice it was to basely insult a tried, capable and honest officer. A new agent is now at San Carlos, a man from Ohio, and it is the constant prayer hereaway that he may follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, and in spite of opposition and conflict, keep the Indians at home.

Passing over this Indian land, to a little strip of country, which has also been taken from the Reservation adjoining the New Mexican line, called the Copper Mountain Mining District, we find another mineral region as remarkable in its line as is Globe. Here are found vast mountains of copper, so readily obtained that while mines in Pennsylvania and on Lake Superior have to shut down because of the low value, at present, of copper, that obtained here can be teamed over five hundred miles by mules and oxen, and then shipped by rail three thousand miles, and still be sold at a small profit. When a railroad comes within a hundred miles, the mines of Clifton, Arizona, will easily supply the world with copper.

Verily, this Territory is great in natural wealth, and is the "Wonder Land of America."

WASHINGTON, November 15.—Bruce presented a petition of colored residents of Mississippi, asking an appropriation of \$100,000 to aid them in emigrating to Liberia. Referred. He said the number and character of the petitioners entitled their petition to consideration, although he was not prepared to endorse their plan now.

An abundance of good pasture can be had upon application at this office.

A STOCKTON GIRL JUMPS FROM THE EASTERN BOUND TRAIN.—Omaha (Nev.), Nov. 13th.—Monday morning east of Grand Island, a well dressed young lady threw herself from the platform of a Pullman car on the East bound Union Pacific Express, which was running rapidly. The train did not stop till the next station, when the train men of the West bound freight were directed to search for her. As they proceeded on their way the girl was found with her shoulder dislocated and otherwise bruised, and was taken back to Grand Island to be cared for. Her traveling companion was one Dr. Hudson, who as the express train was moving on from the scene of the accident, stated that her name was Miss Winteringer, of Stockton, California, and that her brain had been affected by severe study, and that he was taking her to a Chicago Asylum. The doctor, it is reported, seemed to manifest very little concern about his charge, stating that she must have been killed, and he declared his intention of going right on East. The passengers could not stand this, and would not allow him to proceed, and he, therefore, got off at the station to return to his patient.

GRANTED.—The Supreme Court yesterday granted a writ of mandamus to compel Controller Hobart to give District Attorney Drake access to the records of the Controller's office, to enable him to work up the back billion tax suits. The refusal of the Controller to put these records at the disposal of the District Attorney has greatly delayed him in the prosecution of these cases. Proceedings will now be pushed energetically.—*Carson Tribune*.

What was the difficulty with the State Controller, that he in the first place withheld permission to the District Attorney to have the necessary access to the State records?

Nevadan thinks Nevada a pretty good State, and she is. An Englishman thinks England a pretty good-sized country, and it is. A Frenchman thinks France a very large country, and it is. But we have one State, Texas, as large as England, Scotland, Ireland and France, all put together; and even then, there would be enough prairie left over to make another State nearly as large as Nevada. Young America was about right, who, when called on to bound the United States, responded: "She is bounded on the north by the aurora borealis; on the south by the torrid zone; on the east by the rising sun; on the west by all creation."—*Eureka Republican*.

"And you must go so soon!" she murmured as he gathered up his hat and cane and turned his sleepy eyes toward the door. "It is late," he said. "Late?" she cooed softly; "say, love, night's candles are not burned out and jocund day is still abed. I pray you linger but a moment longer—but he said he could not possibly; he had to get down to the store at seven o'clock, or the boss would dock his wages, and he couldn't stand that anyhow; and besides he had a good deal of dusting to do. And he "dusted."—*Newark Call*.

WHITE CIGARMAKERS.—The committee who have interviewed cigar manufacturers with the view of having white hands substituted for Chinese in the trade feel so confident of the sincerity of the willingness expressed to employ white labor that they have telegraphed to New York to the effect that several thousand hands will probably be required here, as there is a disposition to discharge the Mongolian cigarmakers. It is reported that five hundred of the New York cigarmakers have been invited to come to this city. S. F. Post.

The Democratic members are indignant that the Senate delays action on the contested election cases. Eustis's counsel says the Elections Committee have written Pinchback that he has no case before them. If this is true there is no issue. Corbin and Butler will submit to the committee a statement of facts.

The late Senator Morton read newspapers more than books. His favorite poetry was "Paradise Lost." He often felt the want of a more general acquaintance with literature, but never pretended to knowledge that he didn't possess.

The House Ways and Means Committee have authorized their chairman to report a concurrent resolution providing for the final adjournment of Congress on the 22d instant at 6 p. m.

Pat Holland, formerly publisher of the *Pioche Record*, is keeping a boarding house and saloon at Royal City, Lincoln county.

As we now have ore developments at both the north and south ends of the Comstock, what is next wanted is the draining of the Savage and Hale & Norcross mines and a showing of ore in middle regions.—*Enterprise*.

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Reno, California.

Walking Horses.

Everybody concedes that there is no gait which so greatly adds to the actual value of the horse, as a fast walk, and yet it is notorious that there is no gait so little cultivated. Even our agricultural societies, that are supposed to especially foster the improvement of our domestic animals in all useful qualities, persistently ignore this, the most valuable of all gaits in the horse. A premium for the fastest walking horse is very rarely offered, and when there is such a thing, the amount is so insignificant as to attract no attention; while hundreds, and in many cases thousands, of dollars were offered for trials of speed at the faster and less useful gaits.

This is not as it should be. We have racing associations all over the country, which offer enormous purses for trotting and running, thus furnishing abundant stimulus for improvement in that direction and it is the especial provision of our agricultural societies to stimulate improvement in the horse that is really the most valuable for agricultural purposes, and is that gait which is best adapted to the use to which he is put. The walk is the gait which the horse must assume when drawing the plow, the harrow, the reaping machine, or when performing a long journey on the road; and here the superiority of a pair of fast walkers over those of a moping ox-like gait, is apparent. A horse that can walk off on the road at the rate of five miles per hour, and at a correspondingly rapid gait when harnessed to the plow or harrow, is a treasure to the farmer; yet such horses are more rare than 2-30 trotters. There is no reason why this should be the case. The trouble is not so much from lack of capacity for fast walking in most of our horses as it is from a failure to cultivate that gait. The rage among the boys, stable hands, and even staid and sober farmers, is for speed; and as soon as the colt is broken he must be made to trot. He is taught at once to understand that the walk is a gait to be resorted to only when time is a matter of no consequence, and thus many a naturally fast walker becomes, from use, a very slow one.

If as much pains were taken in developing and breeding for increased speed at the walking gait, as is now taken in breeding for trotting, we should soon have very many horses that could walk five miles per hour, and horses that could walk a mile on the road in ten minutes, or six miles per hour, would be as often met with as trotters that can go ten miles an hour for any considerable length of time.

How It Works.—From a private letter received from Riverside, the following extract is made. It illustrates the injury constantly being done to this Coast by the Mongolian locusts:

"A laboring man East who says it scares him to think how he shall get through the winter writes a friend here that, if an opening can be found, he will sell his little house and come hither with the hope of getting land that will make him a home from which he may draw support for himself and family. The friend called in a neighbor who hired help to secure the place, and the reply was: 'I think I shall get a Chinaman. I cannot afford to pay the price asked for white labor.' What will the Chinaman add to the prosperity of this seven year old settlement? Will he try to get a home of his own, pay taxes, help build schoolhouses, etc. The man whose place he thus takes would bring a wife and three children; his boys would add to the honest industry of the country, his girl would make a good wife and mother; but he must be crushed to desperation, his wife die, perhaps, of extra toil and privations, and his children become inmates of the Poorhouse, and all to give place to this Chinaman, and if one pigtail can do us so much harm, what can 100,000 do?"

"I have given the outlines of the argument as simply suggestive. The people complain of the white labor—he is drunken, etc., etc. Well, they drive off and keep away the honest, industrious ones by their employment of the Chinese."

PRUDENCE, FRUGALITY, FORESIGHT.—Elijah Hitchcock was a Connecticut constable, whose character being under scrutiny, Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.

"Deacon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is a dishonest man?" (Very promptly.) "Oh, no, sir; not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the Deacon a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he's a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keenish man—a prudent man, so to speak."

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution for \$4 against the old Widow Witter back here, and he went up to her house and levied it on a flock of ducks; and he chased them ducks one at a time round and round the house pooty much all day, and every time he caught a duck he'd sit right down and wring its neck, an charge mileage; an' his mileage mount to more'n the debt. Nothing mean 'bout it as I know of, but I always thought after that, that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

Bull Fighting.

The bull fight announced to take place at South San Francisco park Sunday turned out to be more properly a bull ride. A circular arena, surrounded by an eight foot board fence, was selected for the aesthetic exhibition, and into this, from an adjoining inclosure, the vicious animal, one of the Texas breed, was introduced at the time announced. Ramon Chevarria, a Mexican forty-two years old, who for twenty-three years has followed the ennobling vocation of subduing vicious brutes for the benefit of equally vicious audiences, enabled into the ring immediately afterward, arrayed in a garb calculated to excite any bull of good taste, the costume being a red shirt, green trunks and striped hose, with a small red banner in his hand. After several rushes by the monster, which the man avoided by dodging, he was seemingly caught against the fence. Just before the bull reached him, however, he coolly tossed his flag in the animal's eyes, and seized the moment of confusion to dodge away. The bull was then lashed and thrown down, and after a rope surcingle had been thrown around him and fastened, Chevarria got on his neck, facing his tail, and rode around in triumph, resisting all efforts to dislodge him. A drunken butcher now took a hand in the proceedings, and climbing over the fence, seized the bull by the horns—literally as well as metaphorically—and attempted to gonge one of his eyes out. The animal bellowed with pain, and in a moment the meat-shaver was flying through space, only to be caught on the bull's horns, as he landed and again tossed. Bruised though recklessly, he was hustled with difficulty out of the bull's reach and his life saved, though for a time he was madder than the bull himself and strenuously endeavored to go back and continue the destruction. A dog was now let into the arena, and the audience was in high glee while the bull chased him until he became paralyzed with fear, and then reduced him to a canine pancake against the fence. Captain Burns, of the Anti-cruelty to Animals Society, arrested the doorkeeper, Justo Martinez, at this point, and threw a damper on the innocent Sunday amusement.—*S. F. Post.*

The Population of the Globe.

The most trustworthy estimate of the number of people on the earth for the year 1870, as furnished by German statisticians, is 1,423,917,000. This is an increase of over twenty-seven millions on the estimate of 1875, but the augmentation is not due entirely to the excess of births over deaths, but largely to the obtaining of more accurate information regarding the population of regions hitherto little known, and to more perfect census returns from other countries.

Asia is still the home of the majority of the human race, after having supplied offsets from which have sprung great Western peoples. About four-sevenths of the earth's population is Asiatic, or 825,540,500; Europe comes next with over a fifth, or 309,178,300; Africa with a seventh, or 199,921,600; America with less than a sixth, or 55,519,864; and finally Australia and Polynesia with the very small fraction of 4,748,600 people. Europe is the most densely populated, having eighty-two persons to the square mile; Asia comes next with forty-eight to the square mile, Africa next with seventeen and a half, and America and Australia bring up the rear with five and a half and one and an eighth respectively.

There are 215 cities on the earth with a population of over 100,000; 29 of half a million or more, and 9 cities containing a million or more inhabitants. Of the last four are in China. Including Brooklyn with New York, as we may rightfully do for purposes of comparison, and the greatest cities of the world stand in this order: London, 3,483,423; Paris, 1,851,792; New York, 1,525,622; Vienna, 1,091,999; Berlin, 1,044,000; Canton and three other Chinese cities, one million each. New York, therefore, takes its place third in the list of great cities, without counting our New Jersey overflow.

Though there are not at hand statistics upon which to base an accurate statement of the fact, yet it is the opinion of all observers of the condition of civilized peoples that the average longevity of the human race has increased within a hundred years. Such reports of the death rate as we have go to support that conclusion, and it is thoroughly proved that the devastations of epidemic diseases are not so great now as formerly; while the medical art steadily advances in its ability to ward off and check maladies which threaten human life. In England, for instance, the death rate has declined considerably during a quarter of a century. There and elsewhere in Europe, as also in this country, the subject of public hygiene has received great attention of recent years, and its difficulties are being steadily overcome. The probability is that men now on the average live longer than their ancestors and in better average health, and that our descendants will gain on us in those respects.

As to great cities, New York is easily third. If it took in all its children, it would press hard on Paris for the second place, and before the next century is reached, or before it has advanced far, will probably know no superior except marvelous London.

The Silver Question.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—While the ultimate fate of Bland's silver bill is by no means certain, some of those who voted for it on Monday are ashamed of their hasty action, and want the bill amended so as to make a charge for coinage and a reasonable limit to the amounts for which it shall be legal tender. As the bill stands it gives any holder of silver bullion the right to take it to mints and have it coined free of expense. It is now urged that the only persons who will be benefited by such a provision will be the holders of silver bullion at the time it goes upon the statute book, the producers of it and those people in Europe and elsewhere who have large quantities to sell. An amendment to change this effect appears likely to be made in the Senate and accepted by the House.

The Senate finance committee is so evenly balanced on the silver question that prompt action is improbable. Secretary Sherman's articles in the *North American Review*, criticizing the series of essays on restoration written by McCulloch, W. D. Kelley, David Wells, Ewing and others, has appeared. The Secretary states by the recent resumption law, and steadfastly deprecates any attempt to replace it by new methods at this stage of the question. If the question were reopened, all the winds of controversy would be let loose, and practical resumption would be lost in the clash of conflicting opinion. He contends that far as injuriously affecting the property of the people, as the advocates of paper money assert, the restoration of sound currency is essential to prosperity. Sherman has no doubt of the success of resumption. Under the existing law the progress is so steady, that our paper currency will be at par in advance of the prescribed date. He has no objection to the funding of surplus greenbacks in four per cent. bonds, but evidently has no faith that Congress can be prevailed on to authorize it. The unflinching manner in which he stands by the resumption act suggests that any attempt by Congress to repeal or impair it would be voted by the President. On the silver question, he says: "The silver question, entirely within the power of Congress, may be made a most essential aid to resumption, if confined either to the amount or mode of its issue or in its legal tender quality. If issued without limit or demand of depositors of silver bullion it is the substitution of a single silver standard, instead of a gold standard. Whatever decision Congress may arrive at on this question, the resumption law must stand to prevent our paper money from falling below the specific standard fixed by Congress. At present paper money is worth more than silver because the market value of silver bullion is depreciated. The expectation of the redemption of our paper money in gold with our demonstrated ability to do so, has brought it to nearly the standard of gold. If silver should alone be adopted as the standard the paper will fall even below that standard unless resumption in silver is provided by law. As the Bland bill provides for its unlimited issue and legal tender power, necessarily, then, the Secretary must oppose it and the President is unlikely to approve it without material modification." The Democratic opponents of the measure cite with satisfaction the New York *World's* designation of it as the "Bland swindle," and his argument in favor of it as words of knavery and folly.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—
THE following described Estry Animal was taken up as such by W. E. Biddleman, on or about August 1st, on his ranch near Wadsworth. On August 9th, Mr. Biddleman appeared before E. G. Gray, Justice of the Peace of Wadsworth Township, who held the property appraised according to law, and the following description duly made and sworn to:

Two Mares.—One Bay, branded C on left hind quarter; one Cream Color, with two months colts.

Two Steers.—Five or six years old; branded on left side O-H—marked point of the left ear cut off, notched on lower side; color red, and white stripe along the back and white head. One marked, left ear pointed, piece cut out of the right on lower side; color red and white.

One Cow.—Branded C-S on the left hip, point of left ear cut off, white and black spotted.

One Stag.—Black and white spotted, three or four years old, no ear mark or brand.

One Stag.—Red color, line back, white head, no ear mark or brand, and between five or six years old.

Three Steers.—About five years old; one black with a white belly, branded with a slanting S on right hip, point of both ears cut off. One red and white spotted, branded on left hip, point of right ear cut off, point of left ear cut off, white and black.

One Cow.—Yellow and white spotted, muley, branded C L & B on left hip, both ears notched.

One Heifer.—Dark brindle yearling, with some white spots, branded C L on left hip, both ears notched, with calf white and red spotted.

I certify this to be a correct copy of description of above cattle, as filed by W. E. Biddleman. E. GRISWOLD, J. P. Wadsworth, Aug. 13th, 1877.

SEVEN HEAD without Brand Visible:
1. One red and white spotted cow, white spot on the forehead, between six and seven years old.
2. One red and white spotted steer, white spot on forehead, is about four years old.
3. One red brindle steer, about four or five years old.
4. One red and white spotted steer, white spot on forehead, three years old.
5. One two year old steer, dark-red and white.
6. One two year old heifer, white, with brown mouth and ears, and has small calf of same color.
7. One red and white spotted yearling.

ONE STEER.—White steer, red head and neck, branded Q on right hip, other brand on the left, about six years old, large wide horns.

ONE COW.—Yellow and white spotted, muley, branded C L & B on left hip, both ears notched.

ONE HEIFER.—Dark brindle yearling, with some white spots, branded C L on left hip, both ears notched, with calf white and red spotted.

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5. One two year old steer, dark-red and white.
6. One two year old heifer, white, with brown mouth and ears, and has small calf of same color.
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DEADWOOD FESTIVITIES.—
The long, weary journey from Sidney had come to an end; our hero, who had persuaded a "bull team" in advance of a freight wagon to visit the land of gold arrived, soiled and weather-beaten, in the metropolitan city of Deadwood. The weary march was forgotten and joy was unconfined. A fervent admirer of the fair sex, he sought the dance house, where "take your partner" is the only introduction needed. When the exciting moment of "gents to the right" was announced his colossal countenance smote the floor like the stamps of a quartz mill. When the welcome sound of "balance all" rang through the crowded hall our pilgrim uttered one long hoop-e-s and shouldering his fair partner absorbed a tumblerful of burning fluid. "Partners for a quadrille." Our hero sprang upon the floor and extemporized a break-down. "Dog-on my pelt, I am a tiger of the woods. Come after me; let's have some more tarantler juice." "All set," shouted the floor manager. "Scrape them cat's inards and let's codfish around." In the excitement of "all hands round" a heavy weight unfortunately collided with our pilgrim, and explanations were of no avail. "I am bad," shouted our hero; "let me at him; let me chew his mane; I'm a coyote. Let me go my harness; I am a yellow-tailed wolf; let me pick his eyes out; I'm a woolly horse hard to hurry; hoop-e-ho! I'm an elephant; I'm—" just then he trod on a favored corn of a hurdy-gurdy, who pasted our hero one between the eyes, which seated him violently upon the floor. As he arose, blowing the ruby fluid from his nasal promontory, he reiterated, "I'm an elephant, but my hide's tore." —*Black Hills Pioneer.*

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WEBER.

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Tone.	6	6	6
Equality.	6	6	5
Quality.	6	6	6
Touch.	6	6	6
	24	24	24

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And a junior adds: "Weber's Pianos were unquestionably the best pianos on exhibition. No manufacturer who was not Weber's equal, or even inferior, could be recognized beyond controversy as the

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